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**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That a SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the Proprietors of this Association will be held, according to the Provisions of the Deed of Constitution, at the Office, No. 12, Waterloo Place, London, on Friday, the 14th day of June next, at Three o'clock in the Afternoon precisely, for the purpose of Declaring the Septennial Amount of Profits of the Association to the Twenty-fifth of December, 1860.**

By order of the Board,

J. HILL WILLIAMS,

31st May, 1861. Actuary and Secretary.

## NOTICE OF REMOVAL.—THE OFFICE

OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND LIFE ASSURANCE FRIENDLY SOCIETY IS Removed to 13, Cannon Row, Westminster. To Volunteers.—This Society offers peculiar advantages to Volunteers. Mutual System of Accidental Assurance. With Profits. A person, aged 30 next birthday, by a yearly payment of £3 2s. 3d., can secure £100 at death; and should that event occur in consequence of any accident, except upon a railway, an additional £50 would be paid by the Society. If death be the result of railway accident, the sum of £100 would be paid over and above the amount of the policy. In case of illness arising from accident, an allowance of £2 per week would be made, without diminishing the amount assured. For Mechanics.—A Member, between 25 and 30 years of age, may, by payment of 2s. 11d. every calendar month, secure to himself medical attendance and medicine, 10s. per week during inability to work, arising from sickness or disablement from accident, and £10 at death. For Small Tradesmen.—Table of Monthly Payments to secure a certain sum at death, whenever it may happen, is prepared. Note.—A corresponding additional amount must be paid for every additional sum assured. Agents Wanted. Terms Liberal. Apply to W. RENDALL, Secretary.

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23rd May, 1861. Actuary.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.

REVIEWS.

BUCKLE'S CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND.\*

THE second instalment of Mr. Buckle's great work, dire as may be the bursts of wrath it will evoke north of the Tweed, cannot be expected to strike the English public with the same surprise and excitement, not to say panic, as the first. The architect presents us in this with isolated sections, drawn in detail, and separately elaborated, of that magnificent structure which he had previously exhibited in all its organic breadth of design, and harmony of proportion. Yet is the hand of the master no less conspicuous in the firmness and precision of every line, and the close methodical adjustment, artistic while scientific, of each constituent feature to the whole. His is pre-eminently the wide and organizing mind which embraces in one view the whole horizon of knowledge, sweeps into bold and clear generalizations the crude masses of phenomena and facts, and bids order and unity become apparent, where chaos, strife, accident, and caprice had been thought to hold the universe asunder. The great principle which underlies the whole enterprise of Mr. Buckle is that of the absolute oneness of all that exists; the correlation (to extend to its full dimensions an idea lately imported into the single domain of physics) of all forces, intellectual and moral, mental and material. Throughout the whole, he has been the first to enunciate clearly and unreservedly, that there prevail harmonious, unalterable laws. To our eye, from their own complexity and the imperfection of our range of vision, they may appear to vary and conflict. But this variation and this discrepancy grow less and less on closer inspection, and will be found in the end to vanish altogether. The world of mind and the world of matter act and re-act upon each other on strict, invariable principles of cause and effect; and to trace these principles is the true function and aim of the philosophic historian. It is on this point, as the keystone of his system, that the opponents of Mr. Buckle's views have directed their principal attack. Are moral actions determined by fixed laws, like the phenomena of nature, and is therefore a science of history in the exact sense possible? The regularity of nature is itself an idea of comparatively modern birth; slowly it has fought its way, and is even now but dimly and partially apprehended of the many. It has been treated as subversive of the conception of God, and incompatible with His personal governance of the universe. Only by minds of a certain degree of scientific culture is it seen really to enhance the notion of the Creator's wisdom, power, and beneficence. With the widening expansion of knowledge and reflection, we do not despair of seeing the true unity at which Mr. Buckle aims carried at length into all sections of educated opinion.

"While, however, in regard to the material world, the narrow notions formerly entertained, are, in the most enlightened countries, almost extinct, it must be confessed that, in regard to the moral world, the progress of opinion is less rapid. The same men who believe that Nature is undisturbed by miraculous interposition, refuse to believe that Man is equally undisturbed. In the one case they assert the scientific doctrine of regularity; in the other

they assert the theological doctrine of irregularity. The reason of this difference of opinion is, that the movements of nature are less complex than the movements of man. Being less complex, they are more easily studied, and more quickly understood. Hence we find, that while natural science has long been cultivated, historical science hardly yet exists."

We regret to observe the shallow protest against history as one of the exact sciences headed of late by the Regius Professors of History at both our Universities. Is it not an anomaly, to say the least, in these gentlemen, to be narrowing the scope and detracting from the precision of their own department of knowledge? True, Mr. Kingsley has in the matter of meteorology cast in his lot boldly with the men of positive law, and involved himself in a scrape with his orthodox brethren by his arguments against praying for a change of weather. But his intense hero-worship forbids his setting limits of any degree to the self-determining power of the human will. Neither he nor his colleague of Oxford has, to our minds, succeeded in seizing the true point at issue between the scientific and the empirical views of human action. Such a science is impossible, argues Mr. Goldwin Smith, "because man is a free agent, and his actions therefore contain an uncertain element which baffles science." If, however, on experiment and observation, such uncertainty is found as a fact to disappear, when mankind are studied in the mass, by methods such as it is the function of science to supply, why should not the resulting uniformities be made as sure a base for exact generalizations as the corresponding formulas of physics? The objections on the score of free will we hold to be groundless. However free the individual, is it, or is it not, a fact that at a certain numerical point the actions of classes and multitudes of men agree? "Nor does this assurance," most logically argues Mr. Mill, "conflict in the slightest degree with what is called our feeling of freedom. We do not feel ourselves the less free because those to whom we are intimately known are well assured how we shall will to act in a particular case."

The great instrument which modern discovery has placed in the hands of the social and political observer is that of Statistics, a common measure between the unit and the aggregate, between the moral and the physical fact. Hereby the several points of observation are brought into one focus; and by this, and this alone, can history in the scientific sense be constructed: the philosophy that is, not merely the past annals of human life. The geographer, the chemist, the ethnographer, the inquirer into every department of natural study, contributes with the moralist, the theologian, and the chronicler results which it is the office of the presiding philosophic intellect to co-ordinate into one consistent vital organism of truth.

This co-ordination of the various fruits of partial science enabled Mr. Buckle to lay down four leading propositions as the basis of the history of civilization:—

"They are: 1st, That the progress of mankind depends on the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated, and on the extent to which a knowledge of those laws is diffused. 2nd, That before such investigation can begin, a spirit of scepticism must arise, which, at first aiding the investigation, is afterwards aided by it. 3rd, That the discoveries thus made increase the influence of intellectual truths, and diminish, relatively, not absolutely, the influence of moral truths: moral truths being more stationary than intellectual truths, and receiving fewer additions. 4th, That the great enemy of this movement, and therefore the great enemy of civilization, is the protective spirit; by which I mean the notion that society cannot prosper, unless

the affairs of life are watched over and protected at nearly every turn by the state and the church; the state teaching men what they are to do, and the church teaching them what they are to believe."

These fundamental formulas he now proposes to verify by following them into those extreme cases in which they have been most flagrantly violated, and testing their soundness by the penalties which have rigorously attended upon their infraction. The countries chosen for this crucial experiment are Spain and Scotland; and with the evils of neglecting these essential conditions of national improvement, as manifested in the history and condition of those nations, the whole of the present volume is occupied.

Of all countries in Europe, Spain might be looked upon as destined by the bounty of Nature for signal and paramount prosperity. That peninsula is gifted with a genial and luxurious climate, a soil fitted for the richest production of almost every kind of vegetable and animal life, and teeming beneath her surface with unbounded mineral resources. Iron, coal, copper, and the so-called more precious metals, are found in her various provinces. She is intersected by noble rivers, and her coastline presents a succession of admirable natural harbours and estuaries. Stone and marble of the most splendid kinds underlie her vast sierras and spreading downs. Her geographical position is such as to invest her with a naval and commercial command of the sea unequalled in Europe. A population physically and mentally gifted, vigorous, handsome, patriotic, and brave, ardent in honour and faith, might naturally be expected to develop, out of so magnificent an endowment of Providence, a very paradise of beauty, peace, prosperity, and enjoyment. Yet, with the exception of a few brief interludes of temporary aggrandisement or success, Spain has continued to be, as she now is, at the lowest point of the European scale of civilization and enlightenment:—disorganized, as regards her social and political order; bankrupt in finance; ignorance, idleness, and superstition the most glaring characteristics of her people. What, then, is to be assigned as the cause of so sad and mortifying a result? What fatal obstacle is it that for ever bars to Spain the way to that progress and amelioration for which, to do her justice, she has always sighed, and which always seems to lie so readily within her reach? With the poor, half-awakened Spaniard the answer is ever at hand. It is bad government, he reflects with a sigh, to which the ruin and degradation of his beloved country is solely due. The traveller is entertained with the favourite legend in which the simple peasant sees reflected the traditional doom of his race. Once upon a time—dates forming no strong element in the mythology of Spain—St. James, the tutelary saint of the peninsula, with St. Peter, the patron of the true church, approached the most holy Virgin, seeing her in a mood of more than usual benignancy and grace, to seek boons for their respective *clienteles*. "Shall we have a mild, soft, and luxurious climate?" pleaded he of Compostella.—"The most delicious under heaven," said the gracious Queen. "A rich and plenteous soil?"—"The most fertile in the whole earth." "And the most beautiful?"—"Like Paradise itself." "And noble men and handsome women?"—"The bravest and the fairest." "And the true faith?"—"Holy Church in the fulness of her majesty and truth." "And shall we have good government?"—"No! Did I grant you that one blessing more, not an angel in heaven but would desert the courts above for such an abode of more than celestial bliss." The truth,

\* *History of Civilization in England*. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. II. (Parker, Son, & Bourn.)

however, is but half-fathomed by the popular apologue; and Mr. Buckle is about to lay bare to us, by the keener and more exhaustive process of philosophical analysis, the hidden malady of which the evil government of the Iberian race is itself but an external symptom. Too much efficacy, he reminds us, is popularly attributed to the power of a ruling body or individual. Either one or the other is after all, in the main, the creation of surrounding influences; and the ruler is himself, to a great extent, but a representative of the general body, while appearing in his own person to animate and control it. The greatest men exert but a transient and superficial influence upon countries and events; and no advance is real and permanent unless effected by the nation at large, and resting upon the general convictions and habits of the people. It is consequently in the condition of the community, in its combined physical and mental aspects, that he would have us seek the reasons that have accelerated or retarded its growth and its well-being.

Nothing in our literature can be more masterly than the analysis by which Mr. Buckle proceeds to lay open the defects of the Spanish temperament, and to indicate the causes which have combined to produce so singular a national idiosyncrasy. He is not inclined (as the readers of his former volume are doubtless aware) to lay the same stress as most writers on ethnology, upon primary differences of race. He does not, therefore, follow up his inquiries by speculating on the various sources of blood—Gallic, Roman, Phœnician, or Moresque—that have intermingled in Spanish veins. Looking at the ultimate unity of origin, which he is still resolute in attaching to the human race, he holds himself competent to deduce from purely local and physical peculiarities the distinguishing traits of national character. Foremost among these are the influences of climate and the external aspects of nature. In climate the Spanish peninsula is semi-tropical. Its heat incapacitates man from unintermittent toil, subdues his energies for labour, and induces inertia and the love of repose. Nature, by the grandeur and distinctiveness of her operations, fills his mind with a sense of dependence, littleness, timidity, and superstitious awe. Earthquakes are there peculiarly frequent and detrimental, a fact little known or appreciated by many flippant censurers of Mr. Buckle's previous volume, whose ignorance—notably that of the *Edinburgh Reviewer*—he exposes to well-deserved reproof and scorn. Famines and epidemics, enhancing the uncertainty of life, lend their aid to the spread of superstition. The prevalence of a pastoral over the more settled habits of an agricultural life, tends to foster a changeful, wandering temper; and these nomad instincts were not a little strengthened, during the long and arduous wars of the Spaniards with their Mohammedan invaders, by the constant surprises and forays of the enemy, which led them to prefer a means of subsistence that could be rapidly shifted from place to place. With this roving, restless life, naturally grew up a spirit of adventure and romance. Nothing was settled, nothing practical. Thought and inquiry became impossible. Knowledge could not be accumulated, and the way was prepared for that deep-rooted and tenacious belief, and those superstitious habits, which have always formed a conspicuous feature in the history of the Spanish people.

With these predisposing causes was combined the growing ascendancy of the priestly element. The long religious contest between the Arian Visigoths and the orthodox Franks, ending in the conversion of the former in the sixth cen-

tury, threw into the hands of the spiritual classes a greater influence than ever existed elsewhere in Europe. The ecclesiastical synods became not less parliaments of the realm, than councils of the Church. At Toledo, in the year 633, the king could literally prostrate himself on the ground before the bishops, and in half a century this humiliating practice passed into a custom. Ecclesiastical tribunals claimed the right of overruling the decisions of the temporal courts, and even in civil matters the bishop held sway over the magistrate. Jews and heretics were persecuted with relentless vigour, and the sovereign even was debarred from his right to the throne, unless he gave a satisfactory pledge and guarantee for the preservation of the purity of the faith. Another momentous event, which might have been thought unfavourable to the hierarchy, eventually added to their supremacy. In 711 the Mohammedans invaded Spain from Africa, and rapidly overran all but the wild and scarcely accessible regions of the north. Slowly the Christian cause fought back its way against the usurping infidels. By 1085, Toledo, the ancient capital, had fallen again into native hands. But it was not till the capture of Malaga in 1487, and of Granada in 1492, that the Church of Christ was re-established, and the old Spanish monarchy finally restored. During the entire struggle, however, the spirit of the nation was absorbed as in a religious crusade. Jealousy for the creed and worship of the Church was the one supreme and ruling impulse. Miracles and portents seemed, to their fervid imaginations, to betoken the direct intervention of Heaven, and the clerical order emerged from the long and trying ordeal, supreme in the affections and the belief of a pauperized and blindly adoring people. Stripped of all their wealth, and confined to what was comparatively a barren region, the Spaniards relapsed into barbarism, and for a century remained without arts, commerce, or literature. The result is summed up by our author in a brief but pregnant sorites:—

"The Mohammedan invasion made the Christians poor; poverty caused ignorance; ignorance caused credulity; and credulity, depriving men both of the power and of the desire to investigate for themselves, encouraged a reverential spirit, and confirmed those submissive habits, and that blind obedience to the Church, which form the leading and most unfortunate peculiarity of Spanish history."

Loyalty and superstition are thus the twofold key to the mind and history of Spain. Great things may, indeed, be achieved by a nation suffering from ignorance and fanaticism. Under the rule of princes of consummate genius and vigour, their native courage and military skill rendered the Spanish people for a time the arbiters, almost the masters of Europe, within a century after the downfall of the Moorish dynasty. But this was not to last.

A singular fusion of the professions of letters, arms, and religion was another product of the age. Cervantes, Calderon, and Lope de Vega, risked their lives in fighting for their country. The first, three years before his death, became a Franciscan monk. Lope de Vega was a priest and officer of the Inquisition, and in 1623 attended an *auto-da-fé* outside the gate of Alcala at Madrid. Calderon was chaplain to Philip IV., and so fanatical are the sentiments which tarnish his brilliant genius, that he has been termed the poet of the Inquisition. Nothing could more conduce to combining ferocity with religious fervour. One hideous result was the extermination of the whole Moorish race from Spanish soil, under the reign of Philip III. Not less than a million unhappy beings were punished with exile

or death. An elysium of orthodoxy and national prosperity was expected from the gratitude of Heaven. But what was the result? With the Moriscos perished the only sound systems of husbandry; the cultivation of rice, cotton, and sugar, and the manufacture of paper, were destroyed at a blow. Arts and commerce were all but driven from the kingdom, and immense tracts of arable land were left uncultivated. Whole districts became depopulated, and, in the decline of industry and order, gave a refuge to the smuggler and the brigand; so that from the expulsion of the Moors may be dated the existence of those organized bands of robbers, the curse of Spain, from which no government has since been able to set her free.

Under her great kings, Charles V. and his fanatical but artful and able son, Spain culminated in political glory, and for another short respite succeeded in rallying from the utter misery and degradation into which she sank under the wretched reigns of Philip IV. and Charles II. This was owing to the substitution of a Bourbon dynasty from France for the effete line of Austria. Philip V., grandson of Louis XIV., ascended the throne in 1700. From that period not only the politics but the politicians of the country were mainly French. Such was the dearth of ability of every kind in Spain, that foreign officers had to be sought for her armies, and foreign envoys for her representation abroad. In 1711 a resolution was formed, to place no Spaniard at the head of affairs; those who had been hitherto employed having been proved either unfortunate or unfaithful. The Duke of Berwick, Marshal Tessé, and the Duc de Vendôme were at different times in command of Spanish armies. Orry was sent in 1701 by Louville to rectify the departments of finance and war. To enlighten the awful ignorance of all classes, professors were imported from Italy and England. The mines were set awork by foreign capital. Shipwrights from England regenerated the navy, and an Irishman, O'Reilly, remodelled the infantry by means of military schools. Wall, another native of Ireland, became ambassador at St. James's. At Paris, Vienna, Venice, and Stockholm, aliens represented the monarchy of Spain. Nothing was indigenous; nothing was done by Spain herself. Aranda, President of Castile till 1773, a friend of the Encyclopedists, almost succeeded in abolishing the Inquisition, and so far restrained its power that since 1781 there has been no instance of a heretic being burned in Spain. In 1782 Florida Blanca amazed the nation and the world by making peace for the first time with the Mahomedan powers of Tripoli, Algiers, and Tunis. Commerce and agriculture revived; roads and canals were formed. Roused from her death-like stupor, Spain seemed to be resuming her rank as a first-rate power in Europe.

But now, again, the reaction set in. The advance had clearly lain, not in the national character, but in that of the princes and the government. Charles III., a wise and vigorous monarch, was succeeded, in 1788, by his son, Charles IV., a king of the true Spanish type—devout, orthodox, and ignorant. In less than five years, everything was changed. "No reform," says Mr. Buckle truly, "can produce real good, unless it is the work of public opinion, and unless the people themselves take the initiative." The stimulus of an enlightened court being withdrawn, the priestly tyranny revived: the Inquisition started anew into activity, and darkness once more settled over the unhappy land, which has lasted through the troublous episodes of the French usurpation,



and the subsequent dynastic struggles, until the present hour. In vain has the liberal party, few in number, striven for the emancipation of the people from the yoke of the priesthood and the court *camarilla*. They failed for want of an enlightened public opinion:—

"To seek to change opinions by laws, is worse than futile. It not only fails, but it causes a reaction, which leaves the opinions stronger than ever. First alter the opinion, and then you may alter the law. As soon as you have convinced men that superstition is mischievous, you may with advantage take active steps against those classes who promote superstition and live by it. But, however pernicious any interest or any great body may be, beware of using force against it, unless the progress of knowledge has previously sapped it at its base, and loosened its hold over the national mind. This has always been the error of the most ardent reformers, who, in their eagerness to effect their purpose, let the political movement outstrip the intellectual one, and, thus inverting the natural order, secure misery either to themselves or to their descendants. They touch the altar, and fire springs forth to consume them. Then comes another period of superstition and despotism; another dark epoch in the annals of the human race."

What, then, is to be the future destiny of this favoured and interesting, but unhappy country? Is there any hope of introducing into the habits and persuasions of the people such elements of improvement as may in the end give birth to a steady principle of self-culture, self-emancipation, and self-government? Our author's positivist creed forbids his returning any very hopeful answer to this query. We should wish, did space allow, to put in a word on behalf of a purer faith, a less vicious and venal court, joined to a systematic education of the young in habits of healthy moral and intellectual discipline, as tending to qualify the recipe which his characteristic and somewhat pedantic reliance on purely physical knowledge has induced him to propose for the ills of that suffering nationality:—

"The sole course is, to weaken the superstition of the people; and this can only be done by that march of physical science, which, familiarizing men with conceptions of order and of regularity, gradually encroaches on the old notions of perturbation, of prodigy, and of miracle, and by this means accustoms the mind to explain the vicissitudes of affairs by natural considerations, instead of, as heretofore, by those which are purely supernatural."

From the history of Scotland a similar moral, though by a different train of observations, is to be derived; which we can but briefly indicate. Very similar to Spain in point of superstition, yet differing far from her in loyalty, Scotland owes her escape from the same gulf of social and intellectual ruin, to her liberality in regard to political action. The influence of the clergy has indeed grown, from similar causes, to scarcely less inordinate dimensions, and in intolerance she may well nigh dispute the palm with Spain; but the national independence of her spirit has secured her progress to light and freedom. Physical geography throws a partial light upon the national character. A barren soil, hostile invasions, constant wars, rendered the first steps of progress slow, checked the rise of the industrial classes and the growth of towns, and favoured the power of the nobles. By these the crown was completely overshadowed by the close of the fourteenth century, and, in the absence of any middle class, had to throw itself into the arms of the Church. The clergy and the aristocracy became thus more and more estranged, and the latter, after a short triumph over the throne, hard-pressed by its reviving ascendancy, revenged themselves in the sixteenth century by becoming Reformers. By the time Knox

returned to Scotland in 1559, the Queen Regent was deposed, the nobles supreme in power, and in the following year the Church was destroyed. Over the spoil of the establishment a quarrel speedily arose between the nobility and the new Protestant preachers, who, thrown back upon the people, embraced ultra-democratic principles; and, under the leadership of Melville, began, in 1574, that great struggle which had no rest till it produced the rebellion against Charles I., spread into England, and subverted the episcopal and monarchical fabric of that country. After the Restoration, great efforts were made by the House of Stuart, aided by the bishops, to curb the free spirit of the people and their Presbyterian ministers; but the reaction was now too powerful, and after the faint ineffectual struggles of the Highland chieftains on behalf of the exiled family in 1715 and 1745, the mastery remained with the democratic middle class, and their accepted leaders of the national kirk. An extensive growth of the mercantile and manufacturing interest ensued, which was greatly aided by the union with England in the year 1707, and has continued with increasing intensity until the present hour.

A twofold paradox is hereby to be elucidated. First, that the same people should be liberal in politics and illiberal in religion. Secondly, that the free and sceptical literature which marked the eighteenth century should have been unable to lessen their religious illiberality. The solution of the first is to be found in the immense power wielded by the clerical body. The tyranny of the Kirk Session became something frightful. Miraculous claims and oracular pretensions were freely set up by the ministers. Social life was controlled by them; the rights of parents, husbands, and wives set at naught; the most harmless joys and indulgences curtailed. Tenets concerning the unseen world, the being and arts of evil spirits, were promulgated, which read like the superstitions of the most abject and barbarous tribes of Africa. Did space allow us, we might startle our readers with many an extract from the sermons and other effusions of the age, half ludicrous, half horrifying, which the author's vast and multifarious reading has accumulated in illustration of the savage terrorism of the Kirk.

The solution of the second point depends upon the fact that the philosophic literature of Scotland during the last century, brilliant and able as it was, rested exclusively on a deductive or ideal, not at all on an inductive or experimental basis. In spirit and method it approximated far nearer to the schools of Germany than those of England. From Hutcheson, its first founder, through Adam Smith, Stewart, Brown, and Reid, to its latest expositor of the same rank, Sir W. Hamilton, no essential change of method has been manifest in Scotch metaphysics or logic. Even in physical philosophy the same deductive process has been equally prevalent. The theories of Leslie, Black, Hutton, and Cullen, and in a less degree even of Hunter, are examples of this national tendency. But abstract reasonings of a deductive kind are little suited to impress the mind of the people at large, who yet grasp readily at the plain and simple facts, level with their own understandings, on which inductive investigations are made to rest. The consequence was that this splendid literature left the popular mind unaffected and unimproved, a prey to its crude pristine notions and low traditional superstitions. The inductive method, indeed, Mr. Buckle would exclude altogether from theology,—a point on which we would gladly join issue with him, as well as on more than one omission which seems to us to impair his general

argument. Why, for instance, should he take no heed of the influence of race or blood in determining the characteristics of the nations under review? and why pass over without notice the strong reactionary element which has always tended to check the tyrannical spirit of the Scottish clergy,—an element which, in the last century, under Robertson and Carlyle, threatened a partial relapse into Socinianism or Deism; followed in turn by the more earnest pietistic revival, analogous to that of the Wesleys and Whitfield in England, which culminated in our day, under Chalmers and Candlish, in the disruption of the Establishment and foundation of the Free Kirk? Nor can we help thinking that a more personal and less bookish acquaintance with northern life and character would have mitigated the intolerant tone in which Mr. Buckle rails against the Scottish want of toleration:—

"I challenge any one to contradict my assertion, when I say that, at this moment, nearly all over Scotland, the finger of scorn is pointed at every man, who, in the exercise of his sacred and inalienable right of free judgment, refuses to acquiesce in those religious notions, and to practise those religious customs, which time, indeed, has consecrated, but many of which are repulsive to the eye of reason, though to all of them, however irrational they may be, the people adhere with sullen and inflexible obstinacy. Knowing that these words will be widely read and circulated in Scotland, and averse as I naturally am to bring on myself the hostility of a nation, for whose many sterling and valuable qualities I entertain sincere respect, I do, nevertheless, deliberately affirm, that in no civilized country is toleration so little understood, and that in none is the spirit of bigotry and of persecution so extensively diffused."

But to other pens must we relinquish the task of taking up the author's challenge, and vindicating the northern province from the slur audaciously cast upon her liberality and freedom. We wait with impatience the advent of the next and concluding volume of this Introduction, in which the special characteristics of the German and American nations will be similarly surveyed; persuaded, as we are, that the work is destined, whatever may be its faults, to a place of permanent influence of the highest kind in English literature, and to remain an imperishable monument to the writer's fame.

#### ALPINE TRAVELS.\*

THE authoress of this book—said to be the hardy wife of Mr. A. Wills, the author of *The Eagle's Nest in the Valley of the Sixt*—sums up in her large-typed 232 pages, walks and rides over the following less-known parts of Switzerland—Mürren and the Schilthorn, Engelberg and the Titlis, the Gries and Albrun Passes, the Rawyl Pass and Anderlenk, the Valleys of Sixt and Champéry, the Graian Alps, Breuil and the St. Théodule, the Riffel and Cima di Jazi, the Mettelhorn, Mattmark and the Monte Moro, the Col de Barrauca and Varallo.

Cleopatra charmed Anthony by the grace with which she held a fishing-rod; hearts have been won in the hunting-field, at the very moment the unconscious winner of them was rising over a bullfinch; ladies have fascinated our hardy race by shooting at pheasants, by riding races, by driving phaetons, pony-carriages, and carriages; but whether such efforts of Amazonian endurance, though they may prove a lady of Spartan mettle, are beneficial to the female mind, we must beg leave to doubt. It is no reason, because the Spartan ladies

\* *Alpine Buncays*; or, *Light Leaves* gathered in 1859 and 1860. By a Lady. (Longmans.)

wrestled in public, that such gymnastic efforts should be revived among us, any more than we should renew the Spartan helot, the Spartan canonization of thieving, or some of the moral delinquencies more than winked at by the august Plato. Far be it from us to ridicule our author's ambition of rivalling the Swiss chamois hunter; but we must express our hope that such daring examples will not set our ladies in general scrambling up slippery places, and chilling their dainty feet in snow hitherto untrodden but by the angels of heaven. By all means let us fathers accustom our girls at an early age to honest sound exercise, not to boating and mountain-scrambling, but to downright walking and riding, healthy exertions that shall send the blood rosier to their cheek, and make their sweet eyes radiant with a livelier light.

By all means let us eradicate from society the pale, languid woman, who, cunning in her affectation, tries to excite an interest that neither her face, nor voice, nor manner could win from any one, by lisping, "nicking God's creatures," and declaring with pretty "gingerbread oaths" that she could not walk a mile for all the diamonds in Bond Street; she who is the torment at every picnic, and the *bête noire* of all travelling parties; who gives birth to puny children, and dies at an early age, after a peevish life of selfishness and exaction of grudging politeness. It by no means follows that, avoiding this Scylla, young ladies of the present day should fall into the other extreme,—should flippantly talk slang, despise poetry, disbelieve in the ideal, or waste their time over frivolous employments that neither divert nor employ the mind; nor does it by any means follow that a lady, because she renounces the pernicious sofa and the fussy laziness of perpetual worsted-work, should go and climb mountains like all the icy pedants of the Alpine Club rolled into one. It is all very well to grow a philosophic old maid, and teach us *ex cathedra* how to breed pigs and stuff geese for market; it is good, even, to try to reform the whole universe, from the solar system down to Martin Tupper: but it is all dearly purchased if the fair philosopher become a bony old maid, addicted to mesmerism, and rejoicing in a double eye-glass and ostentatious high-low boots.

But leaving the question of what is the woman's world, whether the husband and child should not be the undeniable sun and moon of it, home the firmament of it, and the cradle its morning and evening star; let us observe that it has struck many intelligent persons that we English people have had nearly enough of Swiss travellers. It does not seem the greatest object of mankind to blind one's eyes in the snow-fields, and to injure one's trousers on the glaciers. It is all very well to draw paltry, pedantic little maps of rocks no one wants to see, and to prate with parochial pomp about aiguilles not worth climbing. There is land beyond Switzerland, and other work for men's holidays besides falling into crevasses, or being dragged about tied to a rope, as men drive horses and even meaner animals to country fairs. It has now become the *mode* for these Swiss tourists not to waste time in description, for Byron in a week at Lauterbrunnen exhausted Swiss scenery in a page of that great Swiss epic *Manfred*—not in humour, for the fashion now is to treat honest laughter and humour as vulgar—not in celebrated places, because they are exhausted, but as in this book, in holes and corners that no one but a *lammergeyer* ever before cared to venture on.

But as some of our readers may not agree with our low estimate of the ordinary kind of

conventional Swiss travel, we will (as more fair) let the lady speak for herself, and describe part of one of her most adventurous and unnecessary clambers, preceded by a crush of the foot, a dangerous fall off a horse, an escape from a crevasse, as well as other lesser annoyances.

"In less than an hour and a half we left *terra firma*, and descended upon the glacier, up which our course now ran for some distance. The recently fallen snow was crisped by the hard frost of the preceding night, and gave good foothold over the ice, where we soon found, and followed, the tracks left by our predecessors yesterday. Making constant detours to avoid crevasses, with which the surface was broken, we passed off the glacier, and reached a sheltered nook below the precipices of the Hochthalgrat, where a stream trickles down from the rocks, and a kind of *jardin* is formed, which we agreed would be a delightful resting-place on our return. Now we lost no time, but entered upon the vast snow-field, which seemed to rise before us in gentle swells, until the distant summit of the Cima was relieved against the sky. The surface was firm, and pleasant for walking. The pure air, the wondrous grandeur of the scene, and its almost boundless expanse, produced feelings of awe mingled with exhilaration, and that sense of intense enjoyment, expressed in the simple words,

"How awful, yet how beautiful!"

"The brilliancy of the snow was very dazzling; bright prismatic colours trembled around, and we seemed to crush sparkling gems beneath our feet as we walked rapidly onwards. Leaving the Findelen Glacier, and the pass of the new Weiss Thor (leading to Mattmark and Macugnaga) on the left, we made a circuit through deeper snow, towards the only real climb in the ascent of the Cima. We were in the midst of a wide white world, with a cloudless sky above us, and a keen wind beginning to make itself felt, when my attention was drawn to a very curious optical illusion. We were taking a curved line, my son and Couttet being a few hundred yards in advance, where they now stood still, waiting for us to join them. Mr. Hawkins had advanced about midway between us, when I saw him attended by a reflection on either side, giving the appearance of three figures walking together. On reaching D—, Mr. H— turned in profile towards us, his spectral companions following his movements; realizing more the effect of the ghost in the stereoscope than I could have imagined possible. As we approached, I exclaimed to my son that our party was increased by unlooked-for ghostly company, and I found that he had been watching the same phenomena; C— and myself having appeared to advance with similar attendants.

"The last hour's climb up the glittering cone was more arduous labour, for the snow was deeper, and we felt the full force of a bitter wind, whirling it up around us in dry drifting clouds of icy dust.

"We still kept nearly to the tracks left by our friends, which were here crossed by the footmarks of a chamois, evidently made in the early morning, when the little creature had perhaps wondered what strange visitors had been invading its domains."

They reach the top, to find, as usual, that Italy is invisible, and the clouds the authoress sees are after all no better than the clouds we can see in Bayswater, without taking the trouble to go to Switzerland at all.

But on the Swiss side there rose a parliament of mountains, Mont Blanc in the horizon, and the glorious Matterhorn at the head of its own ranges. There the eye travelled from the Weisshorn to Monte Rosa, while the Strahlhorn formed the vanguard of another body, in which the Dom and the Mischabels were prominent; the horizon being bounded by the distant Oberland peaks, beyond the valley of the Rhone. And what was the result of all this dangerous mountain labour? Why, it ended, as usual, in the *ridiculus mus*. The coldness of the wind was so intense, that it made every one look suddenly old and cadaverous, and in a few minutes they prepared to go down the mountain again.

Our authoress gives us some interesting particulars of that dissuasive accident by which three English youths perished on the Col de Géant. It reads like a warning:—

"The account he gave us was, that the three young men had started from Chamouni, each provided with a guide. They had encountered bad weather and difficulty before attaining the summit of the Col, and were evidently wearied when they began to descend. They were within about half an hour's walk of the inn on Mont Fréty, where, under ordinary circumstances, all peril is considered past, and their way ought to have continued down a rocky *arête*, doubtless fatiguing to tired travellers, but perfectly safe. Unfortunately they preferred passing along a *colloir*, or sloping bed of snow, of which there had been a recent fall, forming a loose coating upon the frozen surface below. One of the Englishmen here lost his footing, and the party being all attached together by a rope, were carried down with him, aided by what Tairraz called 'an avalanche,' but what would be better described as a general movement in the body of superficial snow. Our poor countrymen and Tairraz continued their fearful course until carried over the rocky precipices far beneath: the two other guides (who were first and last of the party) escaped, and hastened with the dreadful tidings to the inn at Fréty. As thus told to us, the story seemed inexplicable; but we afterwards learnt that only the Englishmen had the rope round their waists; the guides held it in one hand, thus affording worse than no security to those for whose safety they were, under all ordinary circumstances of Alpine travelling, responsible.

"When the accident occurred, instead of finding the guides ready to throw all their powers of resistance on their bâtons, the great safeguard in such perils, the free action of their hands must have been impeded by the necessity of clutching at the rope, and all command of the bâtons lost. How far the two men exerted themselves before they sought their own safety by letting go the rope, no one can say. No doubt poor Tairraz clung to his charge, and was sacrificed to his duty, thus paying a most sad penalty for any error of judgment for which he may have been responsible."

Now, in spite of many pleasantly written passages, it really seems to us, in all kindness, hardly worth while printing such records of Swiss excursions as this book contains. A passage of Mr. Ruskin's note-book, or such lines as the following in *Manfred*, are worth two dozen of them.

"The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds  
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,  
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell.

The natural music of the mountain reed—  
For here the patriarchal days are not  
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air.  
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd."

Finally, in conclusion, we must lament that a certain air of sham science, of puny discovery, and of schoolboy pedantry has been thrown over Swiss travel,—considering that half the men and boys who go and blunder into crevasses, or bruise their shins over precipices, see very little but clouds when they do reach the summit of the uselessly traversed mountain. They remind us of a story, which, we think, points its own moral. Some English officers were on board a certain ship, which also had among its passengers several wealthy Chinamen, who spent their tranquil laziness under the shelter of the quarter-deck awning. At last, after two days' watching the Englishmen's incessant pacing, the tongue of one of the Chinamen broke loose, and he said, in pigeon English, to the first mate: "I want talkee you. What for that man—(no pigeon)—walkee up down—all day, all night there—and talkee you—I say that man first chop fool—number one—fool—no thinkee right I talkee, eh?"



PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF  
THOMAS RAIKES.\*

THE title-page of this work is not a correct description of it. It has no doubt been published by Mr. Bentley; we do not dispute that it was printed by Mr. Nichols; but we do wholly deny that it has been edited by Miss Raikes. Perhaps the duties of an editor are better suited to the male sex than to the female. To the proper performance of them an adequate conception of what people require to have explained is of course indispensable; and this is more likely to be possessed by men who mix in different grades and circles of society than by women who less frequently travel beyond their own. Whatever be the reason, the book is full of allusions both political and social, likely to be understood by none except a very small circle of veterans, which Miss Raikes, nevertheless, has left us all to interpret for ourselves. As, however, neither authors nor publishers like to have these charges brought forward without some show of substantiation, we will endeavour to establish this particular charge before proceeding to examine the general contents of the volume.

In May, 1839, Mr. C. Greville writes to Mr. Raikes from London, informing him that "the attempt here to get up what is called 'a queenite agitation' is considered to have very signally failed." We conjecture that Mr. Greville is here referring to the refusal of her Majesty to part with the Ladies of her Bedchamber, when the Cabinet of Lord Melbourne resigned office for the first time. Still, we are not sure of it; and for persons who happen not to be familiar with the events of those years, the allusion will have no meaning. In the very same letter Mr. Greville adds, "The Grand Duke goes to-day; it is said he is not satisfied with the Queen." What Grand Duke? How many of Miss Raikes's readers under forty years of age will be able to answer this question? Surely a brief footnote to explain what was the "agitation," and who was the illustrious visitor, might fairly be expected. In the same year Lord Rokeby observes, in a letter to his Dear Tom, "So Johnny of Bedford has at last had a decisive fit." But the editor gives no sign. In 1840, the Duke of Wellington writes to Mr. Raikes, then at Paris, that he is "very happy that this ceremony has passed off so quietly; he cannot think it was so intended by those who suggested it." What ceremony? We forget at this moment whether that was the year in which Napoleon's remains were brought home from St. Helena. That may have been the ceremony alluded to. But how many more people, we should like to know, besides ourselves, will be in the same perplexity? In another letter of Lord Rokeby's from Vienna, his Lordship says, "The Prince of Coburg... chose to be impertinent the other day to an Hungarian gentleman, a Comte Edmond Zichy, brother to the 'turquoise' Zichy, and got much the worst of it." Who was "the turquoise Zichy"? The name seems to point to the existence of a good story; but the editor is again silent. In 1841, Mr. Greville writes, "Here is the devil to pay. Peel has not resigned; but he is so disgusted at the conduct of his followers that he is very unwilling to go on." What conduct? Of course it is very easy to find out by looking back to Hansard; but it was the editor's business to save us the trouble of looking back to Hansard. We think these instances are sufficient to support our charge. And when we add that the

book has neither index nor any sort of table of contents, we believe our readers will agree with us that Miss Raikes has somewhat abused the privilege of her sex in calling herself its editor.

Its contents, however, are extremely amusing and interesting, though, by the bye, the Wellington correspondence is neither the larger part nor the most attractive. But some of Mr. Greville's letters from London, Mr. Raikes's from Paris, Lord Rokeby's from Vienna, and Lord Alvanley's from Italy and the East, are full of curious gossip and polished humour. It is interesting to watch these scattered members of an extinct state of society, lounging out their declining years in the easy luxury of southern cities, like old hunters turned out to grass, but still pricking up their ears at a *bon mot*, and sighing gently at the report of a good dinner. The death of George IV. and the reform of the House of Commons occurring almost simultaneously, destroyed the social hot-house in which alone such plants thrive; and with enfeebled constitutions and confirmed gout, they fled from the cold currents of air which poured upon them through its broken frame. There is something almost pathetic in Lord Alvanley's account of his own life at Naples. He spends the morning looking at the sea; in the evening he drives upon the Corso; at night he sups lightly upon fish and *lacrime christi*. And this he says he has actually got to think "the perfection of existence." The gentle regret implied rather than expressed, without which this change from his former self cannot be contemplated, is really moving. But still we are not called upon to pity him. If recollections of St. James's Street do occasionally trouble the serenity of his existence, he only heaves "a very little quiet sigh, drinks another glass of *lacrime christi*, and relapses into the vacancies of thought from which it had momentarily roused him." The virtuous resignation which marks this passage is most edifying; as much so, perhaps, as the talk which he promises himself with Raikes, which is to be enjoyed over a bottle, and to relate chiefly to their "past conquests and pleasures." These subjects the two elderly gentlemen would no doubt discuss in the spirit of Socrates, congratulating themselves on having escaped from the dominion of their passions as from "some fierce and ruthless tyrant." "Naples," says his Lordship,

"Is, however, intended for elderly gentlemen who wish to go easily down the inclined plane of life. Pleasing but quiet society, plenty of gaiety out of doors for the eye, and very good cheer in the house for the appetite, and perfect liberty to do what you like without being questioned. The people of the world here are glad to see you if you come to them, and don't care if you don't. All this, and an air perfumed with orange-flowers, makes existence glide away imperceptibly and easily. I have got a house at Castellamare which is delicious, in the shade, half-way up a hill, planted in the centre of a garden of oranges, lemons, and vines, with a terrazzo that commands the whole bay, Vesuvius, Ischia, &c. It is a perfect paradise; but the devil of it is, I am alone in it—no Eve, not even a serpent, to tempt me."

Lord Rokeby, indeed, is not quite so much of a philosopher. He cannot conceal his grief at being cut off from Pomard, that "generous tippie." He records with unmistakable glee the exploits of an English *attaché* who drank worthily; and let us hope he was spared the spectacle of modern degeneracy on this head. Here is an account of the diminutive diplomatist, and the means he took for ingratiating himself with the Austrians:—

"A little *attaché* to our Embassy, who had got drunk, cut off a peasant's head, went to the Opera,

stuck it on a candlestick, and asked the surroundings if it were not the image of Metternich. He then rolled about and ran his eye against the lighted end of a cigar in Collante's mouth, and very nearly put it out, and bellowed like a bull. He lit his own cigar the other night at the shrine of a Madonna in the street. He is an out-and-out Waterfordian, and makes a famous contrast with his very staid master. In short, the town rings with his adventures. He is a very good-looking little fellow, and fights like a dragon when in his cups."

These were the men who made the London of the Regency. Immediately succeeding to a period of great national exertion, when the reminiscences of the great war had not yet passed into traditions, and physical prowess was still considered an essential element of a gentleman, they boxed, drove, hunted, and drank, played, and intrigued in proportion. Whatever they did, they did with all their might: yet, in the midst of all the coarseness and viciousness of the life they led, they still kept up the wit, the elegance, and the love of literature, which seem hereditary in an ancient aristocracy. The conditions of modern society have made the existence of such a class impossible. But it is questionable, after all, how much we have gained by the extinction of the "dandy." In his place we have got the "swell," with quite as much exclusiveness and less wit. The open profligacy of former times has, no doubt, disappeared; but he would be a bold man who should assert that it was eradicated, and not merely driven inwards. In spite of the philanthropy, which is the one unmistakable virtue in which the aristocracy of to-day excels the aristocracy of the past, it may be questioned if greater sympathy now exists between rich and poor, landlord and tenant, employer and employed, than existed formerly. It may, of course, be said, that if it does not, that is only because the people have become alive to the existence of certain social anomalies which they never suspected before,—not because no improvement has taken place in the upper classes. But, at all events, the dandy must, in common justice, be allowed the benefit of the fact, to whatever cause it be attributable, that he was unquestionably popular; and it is an important consideration that much of the *éclat* which formerly attached to him has been transferred, not to virtue or intelligence, but simply to riches. That English society, taken as a whole, is better than it was forty years ago, we are not prepared to dispute: let us accept the result with legitimate gratulation, but still with becoming temper. Above all, let us avoid, if possible, the exceedingly vulgar error of supposing that we cannot do justice to the present without vilifying the past; or that it is any additional proof of our own goodness to show that our fathers were blackguards.

The political correspondence of the present volume has recently been made the subject of much ridicule, which is itself, however, far more ridiculous. It is so very easy to be wise after the event, and to argue, that because nothing happened, therefore there was no danger, that we can never expect there will be any dearth of such wisdom. But if that is the treatment which the foresight of great men is to receive from posterity, statesmanship will indeed become a thankless task; and men will be half tempted to discontinue their own exertions to prevent misfortune, for fear of the reputation of false prophets, should they succeed in preventing it. When we reflect on the series of agitating events which occurred between 1830 and 1850, within which period nineteen-twentieths of this correspondence took place, we need not be so very much surprised at the apprehension which filled men's minds. It is, moreover, to be considered that

\* Private Correspondence of Thomas Raikes with the Duke of Wellington and other Distinguished Contemporaries. Edited by his Daughter, Harriet Raikes. (Bentley.)

these same "dandies" were men who had far more knowledge of what was taking place at Continental courts than their modern critics are generally likely to possess. They had many personal friends among the Continental nobles, and the whispers of kings and ministers reached their ears through rather more reliable channels than "our own correspondent."

The Duke of Wellington's views of our own relations with France were not those of an alarmist, but they were marked with that sound sense and power of seizing on the cardinal points of a question which eminently distinguished him. In 1844 he wrote to Mr. Raikes:—

"It is very true that our relations with the French Government are very precarious; but I doubt our being able to place them in a better position. France is, as well as ourselves, a maritime power. We have hundreds of interests identical with hers, but with which the other Continental Powers have no more relation than if they existed in the moon; these interests bring us in constant relation with the French Government *de facto*, with which we must be on terms, either of some relation of amity, as with the Government of the legitimate Bourbons or with that of Louis Philippe, or at open war, as we were with that of Napoleon and the Republic. In former times there was a Dutch marine and a Spanish marine; there is now none but our own, and that of France, and that of the United States, both equally hostile to us. Yet the maritime interests of this country and the world—and maritime questions are increased tenfold in number and importance by our absurd declaration of the independence of the colonies of Spain. I write this just to point out to you the reason for which it is that our position in relation to France is very different from that of the Continental Powers; and that if we are to have peace at all, which I believe nobody will deny, we must carry France with us in some degree, and that in a greater degree than is necessary for other Powers. I do not pretend to assert that we have invariably pursued the right course. Far from it! But this I do say, we cannot follow the course pursued by the great Continental Powers."

Could anything express more accurately the situation of affairs at the present day? The fact that the decay of the Dutch and Spanish navies had left the French and English navies in a position of more marked rivalry with each other, is just one of those truths which seem obvious as soon as they are pointed out, but which require genius to discover them.

With another quotation from the same authority we will close our political extracts:—

"In these times, and since the Reform Act, a Tory Government is not to be expected. In truth, such a thing is out of the question. It is not alone by schedule A that this change was effected; but it was by the great mass of democratical influence introduced into Parliament by the establishment of the metropolitan boroughs, by the extension of the constituencies to large manufacturing towns, and by the general democratical influence established throughout the country in elections for counties as well as in others.

"These circumstances have altered the nature of the deliberations of the House of Commons. All the estates of the kingdom were heretofore there represented. It is now the representatives of the democracy contending with those of the possessors of property, whether in land or otherwise, but principally in land.

"Then the increased influence of the democracy in Parliament has increased the democratical influence of the press; and that often acts upon the influence of property and of the Government.

"Such is the operation of the machine, as now established, that no individual, be his character, conduct in antecedent circumstances, and his abilities what they may, can have any personal influence in general. He may have upon certain knots of men upon certain isolated questions; but men in general cannot, nay, dare not, take a political course in rela-

tion to the administration of the government by any individual, or party of men. Scarcely an individual is certain of his political existence. They are certainly very few who are!

"And the Minister and the Government are under the necessity of taking their course, not according to their notions of what may be wise for the country, but of what they may be able to carry through both Houses of Parliament."

The volume, of course, contains a certain number of good stories about a variety of interesting people; but, on the whole, it is a little heavy. Dissertations on the French difficulty of 1840, on the Spanish marriages, on the O'Connell agitation in Ireland, and the Chartist agitation in England, occupy too much space, now that public interest on these subjects has subsided. We venture to say that the large majority of letters referring to these questions will be skipped by nine readers out of ten, and that the tenth will be much disappointed in them. In fact, there was nothing new to tell about any of these events; and the opinions expressed by Mr. Raikes's correspondents are only the opinions which all sensible men have always entertained upon the matter.

#### L'OUVRIÈRE.\*

"THE domestic feeling is fast vanishing among the working classes of this country; nor is it wonderful—the Home no longer exists." This opinion, expressed by Mr. Disraeli in *Sybil*, is the foundation of the work before us, when applied to France and the French working classes. M. Jules Simon, speaking of his own country, holds that "there is in our economical organization a terrible vice, which is the root of misery, and which we must extirpate at all cost, if we would live; this is, the suppression of domesticity (*la vie de famille*). We are, of course, bound to receive with all respect the dictum of so eminent a writer as M. Simon, and we cannot refrain from admiring the laborious investigations into facts, as well as the eloquent exposition of theories, which are characteristic of this, as of all his other works. But as is so frequently the case with the many high-minded and disinterested thinkers whom France now possesses, he has been carried away by his feelings from the loftier though less attractive domain of sober judgment, whence sentimental views of an imaginary past are carefully excluded, and to which only those gain access who can endure to recognize the present with patience and the future with hopefulness, into unsubstantial dreams of effecting social amelioration by means that have lost their potency, and sentiments that are slowly and mournfully melting away. Most of us can sympathize with such a state of mind. It is hard to believe that the remote future will be as different from our own times, as they are from the remote past. It is melancholy to think that a day will ever come when the associations which we now most cherish, the motives by which we are now most strongly affected, and the notions to which we now cling most tenaciously, shall have faded into the pale distance of bygone tradition. Notwithstanding this natural regret, we may rest assured that no condition is more essential in the man who would be "a pioneer to his kind" than that he should recognize boldly and fearlessly the most unwelcome truths, so long as they are truths; that he should be strong enough to resist the fruitless yearnings of which we have spoken; and that, whilst allowing them to chasten his labour and moderate his

aspirations, he should never let them obstruct the clearness or the earnestness of his vision. He who with perverse obstinacy or injudicious tenderness sighs after the blessings of the past as the best remedies for the woes of the present, is less likely to gain his philanthropic end, than the man of stronger sight, who discerns in the present evil the germ of blessings greater than those of the past.

M. Simon, in the work under notice, misled, as we have said, by an inconsiderate love of a sentiment, which we almost dread to call declining, thinks and writes in a spirit that must be esteemed counter to the tendency of the age. It would have been wiser in him to attempt rather to guide and modify than oppose this tendency. Again, to quote from *Sybil*, the idea of Home "would not be expiring if it were worth retaining." Indeed, so apposite are Mr. Disraeli's remarks to the question brought forward by M. Simon, that we shall venture to transcribe the whole of them:—

"The domestic principle has fulfilled its purpose. The irresistible law of progress demands that another should be developed. It will come; you may advance or retard, but you cannot prevent it. It will work out like the development of organic nature. In the present state of civilization, and with the scientific means of happiness at our command, the notion of home should be obsolete. Home is a barbarous idea; the method of a rude age; home is isolation; therefore anti-social. What we want is Community."

As we have remarked more than once in these columns, the tendency of modern thought in France, and in a still greater degree in England, is to Grecize our views of social relations; to make us live more publicly, and with a wider regard to public interests. All our best thinkers, in the department of politics, are urgent for such reform, both in kind and in extent, as shall induce large classes who are now entirely ignorant and careless on the matter, to think and take an active share in all questions of public moment. Social Reform tends eminently in the same direction. Mechanics' Institutes, Discussion Societies, Free Libraries, Museums, and Newspapers themselves, have each and all a more or less direct influence in making a man think more of public affairs, and less of those of mere domestic import. We do not mean absolutely less; but that purely domestic concerns, which in most cases occupy far too prominent a place in men's minds, will, by the gradual advance of the causes we have mentioned, be made to assume a position more consistent with their intrinsic importance. What Mr. Mill calls "the civilizing and improving influences of association" are becoming every day more vividly appreciated in other relations than those merely which the political economist considers. It is beginning to be felt that though the softening effects of domestic education can never be dispensed with, nor replaced by any sterner discipline, yet there must be somewhat less of it; that men must be taught that there are other than mere domestic functions, and that the hearth is not his sole, nor even his chief sphere. And we may note, that what we have said of men is now occasionally perceived to be true almost equally of women—the very class whom it has hitherto been supposed should be confined entirely to the hearth. This bond M. Simon seems inclined to fasten still more closely. Many thoughtful men, and one or two influential journals, express the very strongest opinion on this subject; and many more, whose views are modified and less thorough, are still willing to concede that the doctrines by which women are pronounced to be essentially domestic, have received a very exaggerated interpreta-

\* *L'Ouvrière*. Par Jules Simon. 2me Edition. (Paris: Hachette et Cie.)



tation. We consider the movement, at present so popular, for enlarging and extending the sphere of female employment, for opening to women various fields of employment, from which twenty years ago they were strictly excluded, as if labour were as indecent for a woman as the avoidance of it is disgraceful in a man, to be a sign that the mischievous nature of the restriction is clearly seen. The occasion of it was the discovery of the fact, no longer to be concealed, that so long as honest callings were by false notions shut out from unmarried women, the mere necessity of subsistence must drive them to swell the pitiable crowd, which has become so numerous and so "noisy," as to be spoken of as if it were the only disorder in the social system. But even now, too many fail to see that this deplorable state of things was the result of an erroneous notion, which exists almost as strongly as it ever did, that women are not intended by nature to labour. M. Simon is too clear-sighted to fall into this vulgar misconception.

"As for the principal function of women being to please their husbands and bring up their children, it is not reasonable, nay it is not permitted us to conclude that these are their sole duties. In the families of the rich this false conclusion is accepted as an unassailable truth; men and women agree that beyond maternal duties women have nothing to do in this world; and as, for the majority of them, this occupation alone, even if conscientiously fulfilled, still leaves much time to dispose of, they scrupulously condemn themselves to the pain and misery of laziness, atrophying the soul by this unnatural system, exaggerating and distorting their sensibility, and falling, by their own error, into childish affectations and unhealthy languor, which moderate labour would entirely spare them. . . .

"Surely it is but a poor sign of respect for women to lose so voluntarily all that they have of order, of taste, of moral rectitude, let me even add of all disposition for activity; for women, did not our prejudices spoil them, are inclined to love work; those weaknesses and that languor which we see their souls and their faculties fall into, are due to us, and not to nature. Can we believe them fit for the only work which is now within their reach, that of educating their daughters and commencing the education of their sons, when they do not furnish an example of a judiciously directed activity; when their minds are entirely deficient in that solidity which can only be gained by mixing in affairs, and by habits of serious reflection? Let us grant that women are as frivolous as people pretend—a point by no means established—and still it will be incomprehensible what interest society can have in maintaining and developing that frivolity, or for what reason our busy, practical world is doing its best to preserve for women the melancholy privilege of a life almost without labour." (pp. 19-21.)

But M. Simon goes further than the mere *a priori* argument that women's faculties, by their very existence and nature, indicate the necessity of furnishing them with employment. He shows that the same end—the wider use of female labour—must be effected by the operation of causes that political economy explains. The tendency of the labour market in France is to enable the employers to get their work done at the very lowest possible remuneration, such, namely, as would be sufficient to furnish mere subsistence. This being the case, and as it is clear that women can subsist on less than men can, it follows that their employment must become more and more common.

Nor does M. Simon find anything repugnant in this fact. Why should women lose all those vast and precious helps for the formation of a strong, resolute, hopeful character, which every man has in his manly labour? The great condition of their toil is that it should be of such a sort as to be entirely compatible with the performance of the domestic and maternal func-

tions. The picture is a pretty one enough:—the wearied father returning home from his toil at the loom or in the field; the wife awaiting him in all the contentment of industry; his children crowding round in noisy glee. Those who are familiar with the home interiors of factory towns, or of agricultural districts, know too well how vastly remote is this sweet ideal from the squalid, cheerless homes to which the artisan and the labourer return. They have been so often described, that nothing need be said here of them. If the wife is out all day at the mill, as is the case in Lyons, for example, assuredly her domestic duties must be in some way neglected: her hearth becomes cold and dreary; her children only come before her when she is too exhausted even to love them; her husband is not a rational partner in toil, but a fellow-drudge; and the sources of hope, and love, and faith, seem to be dried up for ever in the drought of never-varying, never-ceasing, mill-horse labour. Nor is this in Lyons only.

As we in our own city watch the toil of the poor in their sunless garrets, whence pallid faces peer to sniff the morning air, and where children who have never known childishness, grow into a manhood which knows not true manliness; where father and mother, and brothers and sisters, are huddled together in uncomfortable, uncleanly, unholy confusion; where the body is stunted and the soul strangled,—we may know that here, too, *la vie de famille* has no sweetening, strengthening power; and we may learn, if we will, that it is only by discouraging the domestic spirit, by inculcating lessons of enterprise and adventure, and by widening the outlook of the labouring poor, that we can hope to raise them out of a condition of sheer animalism, in which, after struggling like the brutes for bare subsistence, like the brutes they "go down to the bars of the pit, and their rest together is in the dust." Here, as in France, we are face to face with a difficulty—a difficulty for which, at present, no solution is visible. M. Simon reverts to an old method, a decaying sentiment, for a solution. We believe with him that female labour is becoming daily a matter of increasing expediency. With him, we hold that labour will improve the strength without deteriorating the graces of woman. The tenderness of the wife and the sweet influence of the mother will be rendered a hundredfold more precious by adding somewhat of the independence of a bread-winner. But we do not conceal from ourselves the fact that the general tendency of this is to diminish in some degree the strength of ties that have long and rightly been viewed as amongst the most sanctifying of human influences. Either to find an adequate and legitimate substitute for them, or else so to modify them as to suit the new era, is the task of the present age and its thinkers. Suffice it to say, that it will have to be effected by a development in some way or other of present tendencies; not by a reurrence to the spent forces of times that are passing away.

M. Simon's book is welcome as an attempt to solve the question of the future of the labouring population on a distinct principle. That it will never be solved by empiricism is certain. Equally certain is it that M. Simon's principle is one unsuited to the requirements of the present age, and to the development of the future.

#### QUEENSLAND.\*

Mr. R. H. MAJOR, of the British Museum, read a paper recently before the Society of Antiquaries, in which he established to de-

monstration, on the authority of an ancient *mappemonde*, the claim of the Portuguese to the first discovery of Australia in 1601, which had been given, hitherto, on faulty evidence, to the Dutch, the error having been perpetuated by its previous name of New Holland: for that of Australia, we are indebted to the Germans. Captain Cook, whose attention was wholly engrossed by the fine expanse of Botany Bay, overlooked the more available harbour of Port Jackson, which was wisely selected as a penal settlement in 1788 by the first governor, Captain Arthur Phillip, R.N., whose name it bears; and Sydney, the capital of the new continent, arose upon its shores. Australia Felix, first discovered by an officer named Grant in 1800, was colonized some thirty years later, from Van Diemen's Land; and Port Phillip, with Melbourne for its chief town, became the new colony of Victoria in July, 1851. South Australia, discovered by Captain Flinders, was first occupied by Colonel Torrens and British emigrants in 1836. Adelaide, constituted a *see* in 1849, is the present capital. Western Australia was colonized from England in 1829, and the settlement at Swan River has enlarged itself into the episcopal city of Perth. Tasmania was separated from the original colony of New South Wales in 1825, from which, on December 10, 1860, the colony of Moreton Bay was proclaimed distinct, under the name of Queensland; the first Bishop of Brisbane having been consecrated in the previous year. In 1789 the first harvest was reaped in Australia; in 1790 the first settler (a convict) became possessor of an allotment; in 1802 the first newspaper appeared; and in 1807 wool was first exported to England.

To the exertions of Dr. Lang, the author of the interesting work now before us, the Legislative Assembly justly referred the creation of Queensland as a distinct colony; while those who opposed the measure in the parliament of New South Wales, naturally regard him as the Cinn of the New World. Happily, at this distance, we can have no party interest in these various estimates of his character, but can dispassionately weigh his book upon its own merits. Dr. Lang is evidently a clear-headed, shrewd, energetic man, who never loses sight of a purpose, and finds time to agitate in the political world, to sit as the representative in Parliament, to visit England, and preside over the Scotch kirk in Sydney; nay more, was the "pius Æneas" of the new settlement, to which he "led three shiploads of emigrants whom he had collected and selected himself, all persons of reputable character and industrious habits, and almost all persons of evangelical churches in the mother country." He had prevented the admission of convicts; and in the three modern 'Mayflowers,' laden with pilgrim-fathers, animated by a similar sectarian spirit, he established his model colony. We owe it to our readers, therefore, to be on our guard against the influence of his paternal enthusiasm, when he descants upon its excellencies, and looks forward to the coming of "thousands and tens of thousands," in consequence of his recommendations. He has a cordial detestation of "Conservatives and Obstructionists." He entertains a just apprehension of Chinese and Coolie emigrants, feels a kindly interest in the fate of the only semi-human aborigines, and looks forward to a successful competition of Queensland in producing cotton and sugar with the slave-growing States of America. Fortunately for him, the "Confederates" have enough business upon their hands at present to distract their wrath at the base insinuation. We can well conceive that Dr. Lang found the compilation of his book an

\* Queensland. By J. Lang. (E. Stanford.)

agreeable pastime during the weary sea-voyage of three months, and have no cause to regret the circumstances which led him to bestow his time so worthily, and give us a work singularly interesting in matter, agreeably written, and while seldom discursive, abounding in a rich accumulation of new facts. The chapter on this future cotton-field of Great Britain is peculiarly timely, and deserves immediate attention.

It is curious to read, at this distance of time, Lord Bacon's ideal of colonization: "When men come into a country vast and void of all things necessary for the use of man's life, if they set up together in a place, workpeople of all sorts will be the more continually on work without loss of time, the ways will be made more passable to those seats or towns, and infinite other helps and easements scarcely to be comprehended in cogitation will ensue in vicinity and society of people; whereas, if they build scattered, every man must be a cornucopia in himself." The formation of the convict settlement, incursions of gold-seekers, and immigration from the parent country in consequence of a rapidly increasing population, have proceeded simultaneously in Australia; "so that what was first in God's providence—the propagation of the Christian faith—was but second in man's appetite and intention." It is a subject of just complaint that a debate on the interests of our colonies commands only a thin house in our Senate, while every lobby is emptied on the prospect of an exchange of personalities or the occurrence of a party question.

Dr. Lang is more of a politician than a divine; his Scottish Protestantism cannot resist sounding a trumpet for Presbyterianism, drawing a parallel between Papuan idolatry and Roman Catholic practices, and exhibiting that narrow-minded love of controversy which has proved the most formidable obstacle to the spread of missions among the heathen, while his comparison of the Patriarchs to the Australian squatter is painful to the ear. We turn for information on secular points to his pages with better success. He informs us that "the limits of ancient Egypt in the northern hemisphere exactly correspond with those of Queensland, extending as it does from the 30th parallel of south latitude to the tropic of Capricorn in the southern." The soil and climate in which the temperate and torrid zones appear harmoniously blended are, in consequence, admirably adapted for the production of every species of European grain and the cereals of warm countries. The large extent of alluvial ground is admirably adapted for the growth of the tobacco-plant; tropical fruits, like the banana and pine-apple, thrive here; indigo and flax could readily be raised; the abundance of mulberry-trees suggests the rearing of silkworms; but the hopes of the "distinguished historiographer" of New South Wales—the name by which Dr. Lang assures us that he is known in his own colony—are centred upon the production of cotton and sugar. The population of the Australian colonies, still rapidly increasing, numbers 1,100,000, and, Dr. Lang says, consumes a great amount of sugar. Dr. Thompson, Inspector of Government Hospitals, was the first to introduce cotton seed into the district, and plants which sprang up from it are still in vigorous growth. Dr. Lang has submitted samples to the merchants of Glasgow and Manchester, who pronounced a favourable judgment, and gives us not only a long, though not uninteresting chapter, but actually an entire speech of his own, interlarded with notices of cheers and great laughter, upon the prospects of "cotton

the future staple of Queensland." The climate is equable, the heat comparatively moderate, and rain falls regularly and in abundance, owing to the elevation of the coast-range; the atmosphere, however, is dry, and agues, fever, and rheumatic affections occur only in the low-lying districts. Asthmatic and consumptive patients derive great benefit, we are assured, by timely removal to Queensland. In fact, Dr. Lang calls the climate "paradisical," and pictures such exports of timber—pines, red cedars, oaks, tulip wood, and blue gums; of sheep's wool and cotton wool; such rich flats by the navigable river-sides ready to teem with wheat; pastures on the Darling downs only waiting for tenant-farmers to convert them into stations for flocks; scrub-lands and alluvial tracts; forest-grounds and grassy plains, that we are happy to be informed "that one hundred thousand acres of the very best land for cultivation are set apart for the settlement of an agricultural population along the navigable rivers on the coast-line, and ten thousand additional acres within five miles of every town having a population of five hundred souls." Before many years, we may expect that these waste places may be changed into localities each "with its smiling cottage, farmyard, and comfortable garden."

Dr. Lang is a brave egotist. He informs us of his triumphs, his honours, his Brazilian diploma, his Australian receptions, and the high estimation in which he is held in England, with an imperturbable vanity. His book, however, contains one chapter of melancholy interest, that, namely, devoted to the subject of the aborigines, whom he inconsistently, in different passages, refers to an Asiatic, or Papuan origin, and yet claims "to hear some resemblance to the African negro." They form distinct and independent tribes, occupying separate hunting-grounds, under chiefs chosen by election; their land, wives and children, their arms, hunting and fishing implements, constitute their personal property. They are cannibals, revengeful, indolent, coarse in diet, eating even grubs and snakes, fond of singing and dancing; they are clever mimics, ingenious surgeons, and miserably superstitious. They practise the water-cure, shampoo like Orientals, and possess the mystery of Freemasons. They believe in the transmigration of souls, but have nothing whatever of the character of religion. Dr. Lang records a horrible story of the poisoning of a whole tribe of black natives by a squatter, which was in vain laid before the authorities of Sydney; and only a few pages further, chronicles the recent discovery of a vast and valuable province of pastoral country beyond Queensland, by a gentleman who actually received posthumous honours, but happily re-appeared to accept those substantial distinctions which can only be awarded to the living. Indeed, his narratives of exploring tours form a striking portion of the entire work, being selections from the note-books of the intrepid travellers themselves, or the result of his own observation. The consequence is, that we do not miss one trait of native character, nor one detail in the scenery. We only hope that the aborigines will not suffer like the Red Indian and the Carib, yield up their country, and die out, instead of being absorbed in the advance of civilization, and included within the pale of Christianity; for, "besides the dishonour, it is the guiltiness of blood of many commiserable persons." Dr. Lang's book is a complete illustration of the aphorism that a new colony is an "heroical work," and "the child of a former kingdom;" the original slip is already germinating.

"Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma."

The acquisition of Australia will more than atone for the loss of America, if the home Government pursues a liberal and conciliating policy, allowing the subdivision and separation of a colony when it becomes unwieldy, and affording to all a sufficient protection against foreign Powers. The latter is a subject on which the Australian is naturally sensitive; upon every other point, whether of the temper and feeling of the colony, of settlement, government, or climate, we cannot refer the English statesman or the intending emigrant to a more comprehensive and intelligent guide than the book of Dr. Lang.

#### LIFE OF DR. DOYLE.\*

The biography of by far the most gifted prelate whom the Roman Catholic Church has produced in modern times will be a novelty—and we think a welcome one—to Englishmen. In Ireland his fame may be more general, but in England the knowledge of his powers is in a great degree confined to his brilliant answers before the Houses of Lords and Commons, which stamped him at once as a man of superior genius, profound learning, and wonderful grasp of mind. Still, this knowledge is too fragmentary to satisfy us, and we naturally wish to procure a nearer, clearer, and more familiar insight into the workings of an intellect which greatly contributed to the settlement of grave and important imperial questions, now happily at rest. It is not for us to blame the national supineness of his countrymen, which left this task so long unperformed; and, perhaps, on the whole, it is better as it is, since it has now fallen to the lot of an historian whose execution of it we can cordially commend. It is easy to perceive that, although Mr. Fitzpatrick cannot exactly be called an impartial biographer, he is the next best thing—as near an approach to it as we could reasonably expect. He has evidently taken infinite pains to collect materials for his work, and it is due to him to say, that in giving it to the public, he seems to have been actuated by no narrow, selfish, or sectarian views, and therefore deserves to be regarded as a trustworthy guide, whose statements we may honestly follow without any danger of having our judgments warped by the way. For this reason, amongst others, we rejoice that *The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Dr. Doyle* has fallen into lay instead of clerical hands. We do not think—indeed one would hardly have a right to expect—that the lights and shadows which encompassed the subject would have been brought so boldly into relief had one of his own order undertaken the task. He was a frank, fearless, outspoken man, wonderfully independent in his tone of mind, considering the nature of the education and training he had gone through, and infinitely more liberal in his opinions and views than would then or now be thought quite "orthodox" by the majority of those of the same rank who were his contemporaries, or who have succeeded him. Fortunate was it, however, for the cause he espoused that it was so; by his own liberality he liberalized others, and he dissipated prejudice by soaring above it himself.

With enlightened Englishmen, the high-minded eulogist of the British Constitution could not be an unsafe subject; and his pleadings for his country and creed were so impressively eloquent, so rational in their logic, and so firm yet temperate in their tone, that his assistance gave additional power to the Protestant

\* *The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Reverend Dr. Doyle.* By William J. Fitzpatrick, J. P. (Dublin: James Duffy.)



parliamentary advocates who undertook to second his efforts; and, in the same ratio, withdrew or blunted the weapons in the hands of opponents who were accustomed to have their passions aroused and their prejudices deepened by a turbulent address, not to their justice, but to their fears. We may be mistaken, but we think that as yet the fellow-countrymen of Dr. Doyle are by no means aware of the extent of their obligations to him, and we consider that it was both wise and patriotic in his biographer to bring him before them in the unmitigated and undiluted fashion in which he has done. They will there see him in his proper and just proportions, warmly advocating the principles he favoured, but always on strictly constitutional grounds; treating his subject in the tone of a philosophic statesman, not of a demagogue; addressing himself to the reason and good feelings of his opponents, and not to their fears; and never condescending to the mere claptrap verbiage which those who take the trouble to look back to the palmy days of Irish agitation will find was then so mercilessly used. The Penal Laws themselves he treated as the great error of a great nation, and, in asking for their repeal, he did so, not on the narrower grounds of elevating a section or a creed, but in order that the liberty of the freest people in the world might be purged of the only blot which could be urged against their title. So, too, was it in his combat against the payment of tithes, as they stood in his time. He stated that for his own church he required nothing, but that the continuance of so obnoxious an impost was destructive to progress in many ways, by restricting the proper cultivation of the land, by impeding the introduction of improvements to increase its produce, and, more than all, by perpetuating dissension, disorder, irreverence, and ill-will. These views of his came out during his examination before the Committee of the House of Commons on the question of tithes, which the present Lord Derby, then Mr. Stanley, pronounced to be "a masterpiece of talent;" and so highly were his answers esteemed by the House of Lords that "an invitation was received by him soon after from some distinguished Peers, to join them on another Committee of Inquiry, and give them the aid of his counsel." This complimentary invitation he was compelled, from delicate health and pressure of other business, to refuse. It was a compliment, however, which never would have been paid, had it not been felt that he was a just and loyal, as well as an able and distinguished, man.

Although, according to our author, "old genealogists trace to Duhkghaill, King of Ulster in the tenth century, the origin of the name of Doyle," and although "the branch of the family from which the Bishop descends has been for several centuries resident in the county Wexford," still his own father was only "a respectable farmer," of scrupulous conduct, but eccentric turn of mind. In early life young Doyle was grave, thoughtful, and by no means social; and at the age of sixteen his tutor, Dr. Furlong, writes of him, "At that period I observed that he had talent, and saw he was able to improve himself, but I did not discover those extraordinary mental powers which, in after life, he made manifest to the world." In the Roman Catholic Church there are two classes of clergy,—the secular or missionary priesthood, and the regular, or those who pursue a monastic life. At first Dr. Doyle intended to enter the former, but subsequently changed his mind, and embraced the latter as more congenial to his tastes. This early wish and resolution to pass his life in conventual obscurity is

singular, and curiously contrasts with the subsequent events of his bustling and active career. In January, 1805, however, he commenced his novitiate at the convent of Grantstown, and in January, 1806, he took "the three vows of chastity, voluntary poverty, and obedience," and was professed as an Augustinian friar. In search of further information than could be obtained at home, he soon after quitted his native land and proceeded to Coimbra, in Portugal, where he entered as a student in the Augustinian College de Graça, which was called the Little University, in contradistinction to a larger one of the same name. In the latter "everything was on a great scale, and it required a thoroughly comprehensive mind to grasp its course of study. Doyle, by some close application and tough brain-work, at length qualified himself to enter and pass through the great University of Coimbra. He was deemed so talented by the academic heads, that he was admitted to the rare privilege of enjoying the full gratuitous range of the large University, while belonging to the Graça, or minor one." It was at this period of his life that the perilous and insidiously expressed opinions of Voltaire and Rousseau swept furiously across the Continent, and for a time the student was smitten. But with singular strength of mind and self-confidence he at once entered into a course of investigation; and the consequence was that he remained a Christian from conviction, after having keenly and conscientiously studied all that could be opposed to the faith.

In November, 1807, Spain and Portugal were invaded by Napoleon Buonaparte, and in July, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley resigned his office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, and proceeded at the head of a large force to the Peninsula. Here a new phase in the student-life of Doyle occurred. He had already conquered French infidelity, by the strength of his inductive powers; and he was now called on to assist in the conquest of Gallic ambition by the aid of his physical ones. Junot penetrated the country, advanced upon Lisbon, and the family of Braganza fled. For a time, the spirit of the nation was dead, and tyranny and injustice took its place. At length a Spanish insurrection, and the appearance of two English fleets, at different points, excited hope. The first blow was struck at Oporto. General Quesnil and his staff were taken prisoners. "All ages and conditions were summoned to arms. The ecclesiastics of the University, especially the students, were enrolled. Doyle displayed much loyalty, was drilled, shouldered his musket, and went on guard." Mr. Fitzpatrick's account of this part of his subject's life is exceedingly graphic and interesting, and thus concludes:—

"After the signal defeat of the French at Vimiera, General Kellerman submitted to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hew Dalrymple, a proposition to suspend hostilities, with a view to effect a treaty for the evacuation of Portugal by the French. Colonel Murray was dispatched by Sir Hew to Lisbon, with the articles of convention, fully empowered to frame and ratify a final treaty with the French generals. Colonel Murray proceeded to Lisbon in H.M.S. 'Hibernia,' of 100 guns. He was accompanied on this occasion by Mr. Doyle, who, there can be no doubt, was consulted on the occasion. He had great local knowledge and acquaintance with Portuguese politics. Mr. Clayton was also of the party. Independent of other services, he and Doyle proved useful as interpreters. On the 30th August, 1808, the so-called Convention of Cintra, after much negotiation and correspondence, was concluded at Lisbon. Withsome the convention proved unpopular, whilst others rejoiced at the fulfilment of a treaty which ridded the land at once of a ruthless invader."

At this time, and after his services, there can be no doubt that very tempting offers were

made by the Portuguese Government to the clever young Irish friar; but he withstood them, and turned his steps homeward, where he arrived at the close of the year 1808. Unquestionably, had he been one of those "jolly friars" of whom we read in romance, or had his vows of "voluntary poverty" been an atom less stringent than they proved to be, he would have remained where a life of ease, pleasure, and ambition invited him. The Monastery of Alcobaca was the Escurial of Portugal. Sinners sought repentance in its cells, and kings feasted like emperors in its saloons. Its library contained 50,000 volumes, and its income was £24,000. Its belfries were countless, and its dome was the lightest and best proportioned in Europe; admirable statues adorned the corridors and galleries, and eight hundred and sixty-six apartments accommodated four hundred fathers, lay brothers, and their retainers. This, in itself, for monastic life, was (to use a phrase of Dr. Doyle's, before the House of Commons), "Pretty well, I thank you." But it was not all. Its dining-rooms were tolerable, but we must go back to Lucullus and Apicius for its kitchen. Just listen to the glorious description, and ye, millionaires and merchant princes, take a note of it:—

"Through the centre of this vast hall flowed a crystal stream, spangled by every sort of rich and delicate fish. Venison, with every rarity of the season, loaded the broad shelves, and covered the long tables in endless profusion. The banquetting hall, removed by a long succession of galleries from the leviathan larier, was a sumptuous saloon, adorned by choice pictures, covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and lighted by a profusion of wax tapers in sockets of massive silver. Ewers and basins of the same metal, filled with truffle creams and generous wine, abounded, while gorgeous velvet hangings and embroidered linen increased, if possible, the monastic luxury."

In 1834 the various "monster" convents in Portugal were suppressed by Don Pedro; but long enough before that we find Dr. Doyle, who knew them well, writing that "to suppress or secularize most of the convents of men in Portugal would be a good work." Who, after the above description, can fail to honour him for the opinion?

For some years after his arrival in Ireland he resided in Ross Convent; thence he went to Carlow College, and on this removal the whole destiny of his life hinged. His entrance to it was a fortunate chance; but he took the students by storm, and although they jeered at him at first, he proved to them that it was no laughing matter for them to encounter him in the examination hall, or even to pass muster before him at all. Subsequently, as an examiner, he was held in great awe. His wonderful memory and correct taste made him both a detective and a connoisseur in progress and style. Theological students are sometimes obliged to deliver sermons before the academic heads, who, at the close of the discourse, are expected to offer such critical observations as may be useful to the embryo preacher. To one of these students, "a crack orator" of the flowery school, he gave a singularly caustic rebuke. When it was asked him what was his "verdict" on the delivery of the oration he had just heard, he said it was "guilty;" and when he was pressed to say of what, he said, "Of robbery and murder, sir; for he has found the whole of his sermon in Bourdaloue, and he has murdered it in the delivery."

He was consecrated as Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin on Sunday, the 14th November, 1819; and from this date we are to look upon him as the celebrated J. K. L. He was then only in his thirty-second year. For a prelate of his tastes, who had fled from the luxuries of Coim-

bra, the prospects before him were not inviting. He found his diocese in a very relaxed state: "many of the parish priests speculated in farming, and made money of it; others attended races, and not a few ejaculated tally-ho in the hunting-field, rather than *pax vobiscum* at the altar." On his first introduction to these gentlemen they rather pooh-poohed the "boy bishop," as they called him, and paid but slight attention to his commands. He soon gave them reason to believe, however, that "boy" and all as he was, he had the will and power of a man. One old gentleman, who was particularly refractory, he treated with great determination. He had written to him repeatedly to give up his farms, as incompatible with his sacred duties and calling; but to his bishop's missives the clerical agriculturist had turned a deaf ear. On a particular day, he was called in from his field to receive two visitors, who proved to be "the boy bishop" and an attendant priest. "I come to tell you, sir," said the former, "that your course of conduct is displeasing to me and to God, and cannot further be allowed; no man can serve two masters, and you must make your choice between your Maker and Mammon; should you unfortunately persist in your worship of the latter, by the authority vested in me I will be compelled to insist on your resignation, and to induct this gentleman who accompanies me in your place at once." The recalcitrant saw that he was not to be further trifled with, and clung to the more seemingly horn of the dilemma by giving up his land. Dr. Doyle himself was singularly temperate in his habits and careless of the acquisition of wealth, and had no idea of permitting a latitude to others which he did not allow to himself.

At the time we speak of, Ireland was overrun with ruffianly affiliations, which, under the names of Ribbonism, Whiteboyism, Rockism, and so forth, were its plague-spot and curse. To these he gave no quarter; and so trenchant were his onslaughts, that they yielded more to his influence than to governmental attacks. From his own diocese they disappeared altogether, nor have they revived in it since.

The three great subjects with which his name and fame are identified, are the questions of Catholic Emancipation, of Tithes, and of National Education, in the fair settlement of which, there can be no doubt, he contributed much. It is unquestionably true, that the measure of emancipation would have been carried, had he never lived and written, for the soundest and greatest intellects in England agreed that it ought to be conceded; but we look upon it as equally true, that to his expostulations of Catholic doctrines, the dissipation of prejudice is greatly due. He was not Ultramontane in any shape or form; and although, here and there, his explanations may be open to objection, still, on the whole, he proved that in the concession of the measure loyalty had nothing to fear; and this he did, in language so guarded, unimpassioned, and unbiassed by sectarian leanings, that his arguments at once made their way to the minds of Englishmen, whose desire it was, not to injure or coerce others, but to protect themselves. On the Tithe Question, he succeeded in gaining a hearing in the same way. He required nothing for his own church, and was perfectly willing that the property of the Established Church should remain, subject to a better way of collecting it. He objected to the mode, and not to the fact; and pointed out to the committees before which he was examined, the objectionable points connected with it so clearly and conclusively, that no person can doubt but that his arguments had great weight. National educa-

tion he advocated in the same guarded and moderate way. Ireland was ignorant and factious, and he wished to enlighten her population, in order that they might become loyal and true; but she was too poor to undertake the task without assistance from the State, and this was cheerfully conceded; nor have the Governmental promoters any reason to wish the deed undone. It is true, that "mixed education" has latterly met with a good deal of opposition, from men of far more stunted intellects and less comprehensive patriotic feelings than were those of Doctor Doyle. Extremes meet, and while, on the one hand, we find extreme Romanists working hard to connect the entire scheme into an engine fitted to carry out their own views, on the other, we can perceive that there is an unbending and increasing spirit on the part of Protestants to have matters precisely in their own way. To us, these contradictions appear far more "nice than wise," and had Dr. Doyle lived, we fancy that he could have settled them by a scratch of his pen. To pursue this subject, however, would lead us too far; but it cannot but add to our appreciation of this accomplished man, to be aware that he was amongst the foremost of those who wished to elevate his own people by enlightening them.

In composing his work, Mr. Fitzpatrick had it in view to mingle amusement with his graver details, and he has interspersed many traits and anecdotes which will give the more sober part of his biography relief. Some of the letters of Dr. Doyle on social subjects to private friends, are exceedingly interesting, as showing the stern prelate in a more subdued and tenderer light. Amongst other things worthy of commendation in those communications, we nowhere find him either invoking saints himself or counselling his correspondents to do so.

We cannot close our notice of Mr. Fitzpatrick's judicious work without complimenting him on the great care he has taken in collecting his materials, and in the graceful and moderate way in which he has used them. He has presented to us the workings of a great mind in a minute form, which we would wish to see more frequently followed out; and without intruding unnecessarily upon forbidden subjects, he has given a correct and very charming portrait of the subject he undertook to paint.

#### POETRY.

*My Satire and its Censors.* By Alfred Austin. (George Manwaring.) Some short time ago, we noticed a purring but somewhat powerful piece of verse, entitled *The Season*. The lines before us are as virulent as *The Season* was purring: we need not say that they are less powerful. It is doubtful what precise motive animated Mr. Alfred Austin in composing his first poem, which he was pleased to call a satire; in the present case, he aims, in a fit of petty spite, at revenging himself on one of our literary contemporaries, who spoke unfavourably of his first effusion. Probably Mr. Alfred Austin imagines that *My Satire and its Censors* is as trenchant, as vigorous, and as crushing as the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. But Mr. Alfred Austin should remember that, after all, he is but flying at very, very small game, and that his whole poem is a contradiction of his opening statement, that he does not care a straw for any hostile criticism. We can only say that this poem is most discreditable; the force and vigour of many of the lines are extremely great, but that only makes us lament the more that their author has not got as much sense as he has power of expression. If his contempt for "dungly critics" is so profound, why should he so virulently attack them? We cannot but suppose that his motive is to raise himself into notoriety by meaningless and far-fetched abuse.

*Tannhäuser; or, the Battle of the Bards.* By Neville Temple and Edward Trevor. (Chapman & Hall.) It is a relief to alight now and then on a poem which is distinguished as much by its simplicity as by its depth, and in which one idea is embodied and set forth humanly. *Tannhäuser* fully answers this description, and is further enjoyable in that the idea around which it centres is noble, and the music in which it is sung most harmonious. That it is unequal in parts is, perhaps, due to the fact that it is the work of two, or rather three, authors. We say three, because Mr. Tennyson may lay claim to quite as large a share as either Mr. Temple or Mr. Trevor; and yet it would be unfair to stigmatize the two latter gentlemen as plagiarists. The sensuous poetry of the Laureate, the dreamy luxuriousness of his style, and the peculiar eclecticism of his habit of thought, have become so perfectly assimilated by many minds, that the charge of misappropriation often cannot be justly made against them as authors, because the indictment should rather lie for reproduction. It seems to be almost as impossible for some authors to shake off all appearance of bearing the yoke of the great master, especially when using blank verse, as it would be for them to write in the metre of *Hiawatha*, and not appear to imitate Longfellow, or to indite sententious platitudes in rhythm and escape the accusation of having stolen fire from the heaven of Mr. Tupper's soul. But the closest resemblance in manner and metrical flow in nowise constitute a literary theft, even though, as in the present case, the reader's first thought should be, "This is really very good, but it is Tennyson's." That it is easy to write "Tennyson" with such effect as to produce a similar captivation of the outward senses, we must admit, and that it is far better that a poet should be beholden to his predecessors for nothing but his general education we readily acknowledge. But how many of those who have elected to imitate Mr. Tennyson's style have been covered with even the shadow of his mantle? How many have written anything so essentially good that they may be said to have achieved a success, and can afford to own that the chariot and the horses were borrowed for the occasion? The authors of *Tannhäuser* have driven over as difficult a course as there is in literature, and at least deserve the reward given to bold and skilful driving. Our only regret is that they should have followed the little tricks of versification and petty mannerisms which mar the works of their trainer in the lists. We allude more especially to the constant use of the word "all," which gives a delicious, lazy breadth to so many of Mr. Tennyson's passages, but which often, even in his hands, is only part of a mere artificial device. *Tannhäuser* might have been called an *Idyll*, had the authors so chosen; at any rate, no one could have said that it was not one; and it is formed after the model of the four poems, the popular pronunciation of whose collective title has, for the last two years, given so much pain to the cultivated ears of Mr. Mudie's assistants. The subject is well chosen, and is, on the whole, very delicately treated. That it required much tact in the treatment will be evident when we say that the theme is the sin of mere sensual love, and the misery consequent on its indulgence. The scene is laid at the court of Wartburg in the times of the Crusades. It is a court of music and chivalry, famous in Christendom for the prowess of its knights, and the sweet singing of its minstrels. Chief among the bards is Tannhäuser, a warrior not unlike Sir Lancelot of the Lake, with noble features, beneath which lurks a vice of nature. He is beloved by the Princess Elizabeth, who lives at her uncle's court, her father having fallen at Ascalon;

"And here she grew  
Among the shaggy barons, like the pale,  
Mild-eyed March-violet of the North, that blows  
Bleak under bergs of ice."

But the love of this gentle Princess is not sufficient for Tannhäuser's passionate nature. A fatal fever is in his veins. An overpowering desire for a more rapturous love has taken possession of his soul, and in his heart he worships the dissolute goddess of Paphos,—

"Her of old  
Who from the idle foam uprose, to reign  
In fancies all as idle,—that fair fiend,  
Venus, whose temples are the veins of youth."

Hard by the palace the hill of Hiesel rears its horrid



front, in the depths of whose groves Venus possesses a power of weird enchantment over such as wander there with evil in their hearts. So it comes to pass, one evening, that Tannhäuser, having rejected the last impulses of his better nature, when, walking the terraces with the Princess,

"He faintly felt a mystery like pure love;  
For through the arid hollows of a heart  
Sear'd by delicious dreams, the dewy sense  
Of innocent worship stole."

is driven forth by his wild spirit of self-abandonment towards Hürsel. Here he sees a vision of the beautiful goddess, and, filled with reprobate desire, fatally bids her to descend on his soul. His prayer is heard, and for months he is missed from the chase and the banquet-hall, and

"The starry sessions of his peers."

To them he gradually becomes a memory, and no more, but

"One heart within that memory lived aloof;  
One face, remembering his, forgot to smile;  
Our Landgrave's niece the old familiar ways  
Walked like a ghost with unfamiliar looks."

At length, during a royal hunt, his friend Wolfram, a famous warrior and gentle minstrel, suddenly in the depth of the glades comes upon

"A lonely knight,

Who sat on a great stone, watching the clouds.  
New Wolfram long had loved Elizabeth,  
As one should love a star in heaven, who knows  
The distance of it and its reachlessness.  
But when he knew Tannhäuser in her heart  
(For loving eyes in eyes beloved are swift  
To search out secrets), not the less his own  
Gave unto both: and from that time his love  
Lived like an orphan child in charity,  
Whose loss comes early, and is gently borne,  
Too deep for tears, too constant for complaint."

He, therefore, greatly rejoices when he recognizes in the strange knight his friend, and summons his fellows from the neighbouring hills,

"Who crowding came, great hearts and open arms  
To welcome back their peer. . . . But the man himself  
Could answer nothing, staring with blank eyes  
From face to face, then up into the blue,  
Bland heavens above; astonished, and like one  
Who suddenly awaking out of sleep  
After sore sickness, knows his friends again  
And would peruse their faces, but breaks off  
To list the frolic bleating of the lamb  
In far-off fields, and wonder at the world  
And all its strangeness."

However, being invited by the Landgrave to come on the morrow to a meeting of the minstrels, at which they would sing before the Princess for the prize, he pledges his word to be present, and contend. At the festival, the Landgrave, who knows the secret of Elizabeth's late grief, thinking to befriend her, and at the same time give encouragement to Tannhäuser, proposes, as the theme for the contest, Love. Wolfram is chosen by lot to commence the battle of the bards, and sings a canticle, which is an exposition of Southey's line on the same subject, "From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth." It is a very fair song in its own gentle way, but we were scarcely so pleased with it as the audience were on the occasion. As for Tannhäuser, he utterly despises it, and with wrathful scorn breaks out into rapturous praise of Love, as he conceives it in his defiled heart, detailing, though he does not own it yet, his own experiences in Hürsel. When his song ceases, a hum of disapprobation is heard, and another bard rises, and gravely rebukes him: and after sundry angry retorts in song, in which Tannhäuser contemptuously taunts them with the coldness and unreality of the power whom they sing, a shout goes up of "Give the prize to Wolfram!" then, as a sinner, desperate to add

"Depth to damnation by one latest crime,  
Dies boastful of his blasphemies,"

Tannhäuser bids them cease a strife which must necessarily be unequal, since he has been to Hürsel, and tasted what true love is on the lips of Venus. This bold declaration produces a scene of wild confusion. The ladies of the Court flee away in haste, while the knights, in hot wrath and with drawn swords, press round the daring culprit. The Prince rises, and addressing them, commits to their hands the minstrel's fate, while the trembling Princess remains on the dais to watch the sequel. We must give it in the poet's own words:—

"As, ere the storm descends  
Upon a Druid grove, the great trees stand  
Looking one way, and stiller than their wont,  
Until the thunder, rolling, frees the wind

That rocks them altogether; even so,  
That savage circle of grim-guarded men,  
Awhile in silence storing stormy thoughts,  
Stood breathless: till a murmur moved them all,  
And louder growing, and louder, burst at last  
To an universal irrepressible roar  
Of voices roaring, 'Let him die the death!'—  
And, in that roar released, a hundred swords  
Rashed forward. . . . Then a piteous cry;  
And from the purple baldachin, down sprang  
The Princess, gleaming like a ghost, and slid  
Among the swords, and standing in the midst,  
Swept a wild arm of prohibition forth."

Her speech is a magnificent appeal to them to leave to the God of mercy the punishment of a crime which is against Him alone. Wolfram comes to her aid, and the offender is finally spared, on condition of his making a pilgrimage to Rome to obtain pardon of his sin, which he, broken down by the words of Elizabeth, rather than the rage of his fellows, consents to. When he is gone, the Princess, utterly crushed in spirit, gradually fades away, praying night and day to heaven for forgiveness for her knight; and when, after two years, the band of pilgrims with which he had gone, returns without him, she dies broken-hearted. Wolfram learns from one of the pilgrims that the Pope has pronounced the crime an unpardonable sin, and proclaimed that the staff in his hand would sooner blossom than God forgive such an iniquity. Wolfram, thus utterly desolate of the sight of her he loved, and of all hope for his friend, is driven forth by reckless madness into the hills, where he finds Tannhäuser, worn with toil, bleeding, and dying. He repels the advances of his friend, as being himself a thing accursed; but Wolfram persists, and tells him how one who is pure love herself has gone to heaven, and is there pleading for his pardon. At the news of her death, the dying man is smitten with a new remorse; but amidst the expression of his deep contrition, he is vouchsafed, as the hier of Elizabeth comes in sight on the way to her burying-place, a vision of her in heaven, as she intercedes for him, by

"The shores where, tideless, sleep the seas of time,  
Soft by the city of the saints of God,"

and a sense of forgiveness comes over his soul. A messenger arrives in hot haste bearing an absolution from the Pope, and the Holy Father's staff, which has miraculously budded into green leaves; but Wolfram, pointing to the corpse of the minstrel, bids the messenger go back and say that Another than he has already pardoned him.

"And so those twain, severed by Life and Sin,  
By Love and Death united, in one grave  
Slept."

We have detailed the action of the plot at some length, because we consider that the poem possesses singular merit, not only in the conception and working out of the main idea, but also in those minor points which combine to make a long poem readable. Many of the similes are especially good, and the relation of allegory and fact is artistically maintained. There is occasionally a passage which had better have been omitted; for instance, we think that the last four lines rather spoil the effect of the poem. There are also several ill-chosen epithets, which produce the appearance of an idea which second-thought cannot satisfactorily realize. But, take it for all in all, we have not looked upon its like for some time. We hope that the authors, when next they appear before the public, will come separately; for we like to conjecture an individuality for a poet, and see the man in his works; whereas, however germane the two portions of any human duality may be, there must always be a dissimilarity between them, which, though it is skillfully veiled in the present instance, precludes perfect unity in a work.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Memorials of Angus and Mearnes.* By Andrew Jervise, Corresponding Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. (Edinburgh: Black.) Mr. Jervise is already known to the north of the Tweed as a learned and laborious antiquary, and more particularly as the author of *The Land of the Lindsays*; and he has now extended his researches in such a way as to comprise within the compass of a modest octavo volume an account of the antiquities of Forfarshire and Kincardineshire, which will serve to give him a high rank among county his-

torians. His original object in compiling this work was to give an historical account of the castles and towns in that part of Scotland visited by King Edward I., and of the barons and clergy who swore fealty to England in 1291 and in 1308,—a numerous class, indeed, considering that it included nearly every name of note except that of Wallace, most of whom, however, have hitherto remained unknown, because, like the heroes who lived before Agamemnon, the *sacer vates* has not hitherto arisen to sound their praises. To the Scottish reader, who remembers the part played by these noble men of old in achieving the independence of their nation, this book will, of course, be one of especial value; but even to those who live south of the Tweed it comes replete with curious information, and of the deepest historic interest. Sir Walter Scott, if we remember aright, draws attention to the fact that the Scotch have a particular veneration for rivers, and Mr. Jervise accordingly begins with an account of the North and South Esk, from which the lands and earldoms of Northesk and Southesk derive their names respectively. From them he passes on to the lochs of the district; and then—quitting the domain of Neptune for *terra firma*—gives us the early history of the fair and ancient towns of Montrose, Forfar, and Dundee (for which he claims the character of "places of some trade in the time of Malcolm the Maiden"), and of the city of Brechin, the see of a bishop from very early times. The history of Scotland before the Union is very little more than a history of the "great families" who from century to century swayed the counsels of the monarchs who sat upon its throne—the Murray, the Lennox, the Campbell, and the Stewart. Similarly the history of the two counties of Forfar and Kincardine resolves itself pretty much into a record of the feuds and alliances, the raids and forays, the plunderings and truces, by which the monotony of life was broken in the Houses of the Maules, the Carnegies, the Grays, the Guthries, the Ogilvies, the Scrimgeours, the Arbuthnots, and other noble houses, most of whom still hold lands and castles (the latter more or less decayed) within their confines. The book, therefore, naturally takes a biographical and architectural turn, which invests it with a greater personal interest than would otherwise be the case. It would far exceed the narrow limits which the space at our command prescribes for this notice, if we were to attempt to give here anything like an outline of Mr. Jervise's account of any single family. We can only hope that as one of that meritorious and hard-working, but most underpaid class of *littérateurs*—the writers who deal with facts and historical research, as opposed to fiction and imaginative writing—he has been as cordially supported as he deserves to be by the present representatives of those great houses, such as the Earl of Dalhousie (chief of the Maules of Panmure), the Earls of Southesk, Northesk, Strathmore, Crawford, and Sir J. Ogilvy of Inverquarry. We observe that one or two of these noblemen and gentlemen have supplied the author with copies of original documents, drawings, &c., which add considerable value to the contents of the book—for whatever is special is of value in the eye of an antiquary—and we trust that the rest will not limit their aid to the mere giving the publication their countenance and support. Mr. Jervise has spent many years in the accumulation of his materials; and the result is that he has produced a most scholarly volume, and one which will make him known far and wide among a people so fond of genealogical studies as our northern neighbours. Among other subjects on which the general reader will find curious information are the treatment of witches in Scotland, the rebellion of '45 (in which Dundee and Montrose became two of the chief centres of action), the early existence of religious guilds, mediæval lighthouses, the tenure of lands held under monastic houses, royal grants, trading privileges and monopolies, round towers, religious hospitals, the training and keep of hunters, the ancestry of the poet Burns, and his visit to Montrose, agricultural progress, the persecution of the Quakers, armorial bearings and epitaphs, &c.; while the student of a less retrospective taste will find a full record of her Majesty's first visit to Dundee, and an account of the statue erected in the High Street at Montrose in 1859 to the memory of honest Joseph Hume, who was a native of that town, and repre-

sented the Montrose district of burghs in Parliament for the last thirteen years of his life. Mr. Jervis, as we gather from a scattered observation here and there, is of the Presbyterian faith, with which his countrymen are so generally identified. But if such be the case, we can assure our readers that where he has occasion to speak of "the old religion," he introduces the subject without asperity, and (while as far removed as possible from anything like the spirit of flunkeyism) he writes about the ante-reformation days and about the nineteenth century too, in a tone of moderation and charity which cannot fail to recommend the book and the author too among all sensible and well-informed circles.

*The Popular History of England.* By Charles Knight. Vol. VII. (Bradbury and Evans.) We have so often spoken of the industrious and useful researches of Mr. C. Knight, that we shall not occupy our own space and our readers' time by a lengthy dissertation on the extent to which the present generation of Englishmen are indebted to him for more sound and just views on the history of their native country than those which prevailed some half or even quarter of a century ago. It is enough to say that if any progress has been made in the last five-and-thirty years in the substitution of the study of social, commercial, agricultural, and intellectual progress for that of the mere barren records of military and naval expeditions, and cabinet intrigues, to which English history was previously for the most part devoted, we know of no man whom we have a better right to thank for such an improvement than the author of the work mentioned above. The present is the seventh instalment of the *Popular History of England*, which it carries on from the close of the American War in 1783 down to the Restoration of the Bourbon Dynasty and the peace concluded at Paris in 1814; leaving for the eighth and concluding volume the story of Waterloo, and of Napoleon's last home at St. Helena, the battles of Roman Catholic Emancipation, of the Reform Bill, and of Free Trade at home, together with a record of our domestic advance in education, literature, and civilization down to the present day, not forgetting the story of the Russian war and the Indian mutiny. The portion of history embraced in the seventh volume is one of which Englishmen will never tire—the era of Pitt, Fox, and Burke,—with which is intertwined, in a brief and succinct form, the story of the French Revolution, without the light of which great struggle it is impossible to read aright the struggles of rival parties at home. In treating of this subject and of English policy, Mr. Knight found himself obliged to include a short history of India under Lords Mornington and Cornwallis, and a full account of the war in the Peninsula, to each of which subjects Mr. C. Knight does ample justice. Still, after all, we cannot but think, on laying down the volume, that the author's forte lies in describing the gradual revolution in the arts of peace which, under the seven champions of modern industry, Brindley, Arkwright, Crompton, Cartwright, Roebuck, Wedgwood, and Watt, in half a century increased the population, and with it the resources, of the country to such an extent as enabled us to bear up against one of the most tremendous and protracted wars, while it gave birth to abundant channels of profitable labour for the multitude, and opened up new and unlimited fields of production, for the multiplication and diffusion of the necessities of life, and of the comforts and refinements which follow in the wake of improving civilization. In this direction, we have read nothing of greater interest than the story of the Duke of Bridgewater—"the father of British inland navigation"—who, by the increased facilities of carriage which he bestowed on Manchester, made that city within a few years the metropolis of cotton, instead of the mere market of "Manchester wares." The labours of this nobleman are told in a manner which cannot fail to charm every reader who feels an interest in the material progress of his country. But perhaps, of all the chapters in the volume, we should be inclined to name those which Mr. Knight devotes to a record of the extension and improvement of agriculture, both in theory and practice, as the most thoroughly charming in their way. Mr. Knight has drawn out here, in a manner that we do not remember to have seen them drawn out before,

the improvements effected in the drainage of the Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire fens by the Duke of Bedford, and the consequent conversion of those once flat and barren districts, now known as the "Bedford Level," into fertile pastures and laughing corn-fields; the scientific breeding of sheep and cattle by such landholders as the owners of Woburn and Holkham—estates which, as Burke says, are "more extensive than the territories of many of the old Grecian republics," and which the enterprise of such men as the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Coke (afterwards Earl of Leicester) rendered, without exaggeration, more fertile than the greatest portion of ancient Hellas. Entering into the most minute and complete account of social advancement, Mr. Knight tells us how Lord Townshend improved the agricultural resources of Norfolk by the introduction of turnip-husbandry; how Robert Bakewell raised the Leicestershire breed of cattle, and tamed his bulls as Rarey tames horses; and how Burke experimented on the improvement of carrots for farming purposes in his classical retirement at Beaconsfield. We cannot but feel that this is a sample of the right spirit in which the annals of the nation should be written, in order to produce a really 'popular' history; and, apostrophizing England, we can scarcely refrain from exclaiming, as we read these pages, "Hæ tibi erunt artes." No doubt the time will come when governments will learn to recognize the truth that the intelligence and prosperity of its population are at least as powerful safeguards of a state as those armies and navies which each successive improvement in the application of steam and the manufacture of arms renders comparatively less powerful engines than once they were for good or evil; and such books as the present will go far to prove that the gradual but vast improvement of our political and social condition which the past century has witnessed, lies extensively at the bottom of that enormous increase of national wealth, which is the parent of national contentment, as that in its turn becomes (to use our author's truthful and forcible metaphor) the parent of loyalty.

*Criminal Celebrities; a Collection of Memorable Trials.* By Lascelles Wraxall. (W. Kent.) Mr. Wraxall has seen a good deal of the rough and fast side of life, and some of his descriptions in former works are more natural than pleasing. The gallant Captain's confessions in "Camp Life," although very honest, betrayed an almost inconceivable bluntness of moral perception. We know nothing of Mr. Wraxall beyond what he has told us himself, but unfortunately he has told us a good deal. He has Boswellized his own character, and has done it somewhat coarsely. The picture he has drawn is, we are bound to believe, a true one, but it is repugnant to good taste and to right feeling. The volume now before us will not therefore injure Mr. Wraxall's reputation. We give him credit indeed for the belief that the record of these criminal trials will serve to point a moral; but he forgets, or does not choose to remember, that it will certainly serve at the same time to gratify a morbid fancy, which is only too easily stimulated by such aliment.

#### MAGAZINES.

*The Cornhill.* A very large part of the *Cornhill* for the current month is of the lightest. "The Adventures of Philip," "The Stage Queen and the Squire," and "Agnes of Sorrento," take up almost a half of the entire number. As they are all instalments merely, we need say little about them; except that "Philip" is acquiring a liveliness and interest in which hitherto it has been rather wanting. The three fictions are balanced by three very grave papers, respectively on "The Study of History," "Schoolmasters," and "The English Convict System." The remarks upon schoolmasters are particularly judicious and common-sense. "The Morning Party," by Doyle, seems to us to be the most successful of the three that he has yet furnished to the *Cornhill*: the variety and finish of detail in the "Morning Party" are most admirable. Mrs. Browning contributes some very pretty verses, entitled "Little Mattie," and we have the thirteenth Roundabout Paper, which is more roundabout than usual.

*Blackwood.* A more than usual portion of *Black-*

*wood* is this month occupied by reviews of books, of which there are three, viz. one on De Montalembert's "Monks of the West;" one on Miss Bremer's "Two Years in Switzerland and in Italy;" and on the autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, which is entitled the "Memoirs of a Tory Gentlewoman," which expression we should almost deem in the mouth of *Blackwood* tautological, as gentleness of breeding is with them scarcely to be severed from Toryism. The stupid tale of "Norman Sinclair" is continued; and there is some verse, such as it is. The most interesting article is one on bibliomania, entitled the "Book Hunter." In this are some amusing records, extracted for the most part from Dibdin, of the extraordinary rage for book collecting which existed in the last generation, and which culminated in the princely libraries of Roxburgh and Heber. Yet we cannot understand the tone that the author assumes when he eloquently defends the collector against "scorn or antipathy;" as the nature of his pursuits is scarcely such as to expose him to either, and the supposition that he ever is exposed to them is, we think, perfectly gratuitous. There are also many very slovenly errors in this article, which may perchance be due to accident, but are nevertheless proofs of negligence, as when, e. g., among the rare dramatists are mentioned Claphorne for Glapthorne, Nabbes for Nabbes, and Peapes, for we cannot guess whom; so, too, the name of the celebrated book-collector Hibbert is spelt Hibbers, and other similar mistakes, very numerous, especially to occur in so short an article.

*Macmillan* opens with an extremely meagre and unsatisfactory review of Mr. Mill's work on *Representative Government*: it is worthy neither of the book nor of the reputation which *Macmillan* has hitherto enjoyed in the department of grave and thoughtful literature. Scarcely more than six pages are devoted to what is perhaps the most grave and thoughtful book of the season. "Tom Brown at Oxford" drags his weary length along; we hope that the title of the last chapter, "The Beginning of the End," will not prove a misnomer. There are two very excellent papers in the number—that, namely, on "Beauty and Art," by the Rev. W. Barnes, and the one on the "American Crisis," by Mr. Ludlow. They almost redeem the dreariness which marks the rest of the number. Miss Mulock's verses, "Year after Year," are graceful, but rather inclined to be sensuous.

*Temple Bar* is more than usually readable this month; and in the "Seven Sons of Mammon" Mr. Sala alternates powerful and masculine descriptions with others of true and natural humour. The story "A Haunted Life," which is the last in the number, is based on a forcible and striking idea, which is worked up to a point of considerable interest, and even horror. The taste for these weird and supernatural stories, wherein the boundaries of the unknown are so freely trenching upon, and its imaginary occupants so continually introduced as mingling with the stream of human pursuits, is one of the strongest indications of the unsettled state of the public mind, induced by many causes, including the so-called spiritualistic phenomena. "First Fiddlers and Top Sawyers" is a lively little sketch, with a humour that occasionally would remind us of "Elia," did not the whole rather remind us of Mr. Sala, whose style and descriptive powers, whether consciously or otherwise we know not, are admirably assumed. The third essay, on "Ancient Classical Novelists," treats of Iamblichus and Xenophon the Ephesian, and is a very admirable article. There is an essay on Francis, or as he is there rather pedantically called François Rabelais, which is pleasantly written, and is the work of a shrewd thinker and general scholar, but certainly not a disciple or even an appreciator of Rabelais. The poetry is also above the average of that which appears in our magazines: thus much praise it is not difficult to concede it.

#### BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Adam (W.). Dale Scenery and Fishing Streams of Derbyshire, post 8vo, 2s. 6d. Kent.  
Adventures of Verdant Green, by Cuthbert Bede, new edition, post 8vo, 3s. 6d. J. Blackwood.  
Alexander (J. A.). Gospel of Jesus Christ, Discourses, post 8vo, 7s. 6d. Nelson.



Andrews's Illustrations of West Indies, 2 vols., folio, 63s. Day.  
Bentley (R.), Manual of Botany, 12mo, 12s. 6d. Churchill.  
Birchall (J. T.), England under the Tudors and Stuarts, post 8vo, 6s. Simpkin.  
Blight (J. T.), Week at the Land's End, 12mo, 6s. 6d. Longman.  
Bohn's English Gentleman's Library: Walpole's Letters, vol. iv., 8vo, 9s.  
Bohn's Illustrated Library: Milton's Poetical Works, with Life, vol. i., 6s.  
Bohn's Scientific Library: Ure's Philosophy of Manufactures, 7s. 6d.  
Brown (H. S.), Lectures to Working Men at Liverpool, vol. iv., 12mo, 1s. and 1s. 6d.  
Caldwell (R.), Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian, Svo, 26s. Williams and Norgate.  
Clarke (J. E.), Plain Papers on Social Economy of the People, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Bell.  
Dickens (C.), Martin Chuzzlewit, illustrated edition, vol. i., post 8vo, 7s. 6d.  
Edwards (S.), Russians at Home, second edition, post 8vo, 10s. 6d. Allen.  
Ellicott (C. J.), Critical and Grammatical Commentary on Pastoral Epistles, second edition, 8vo, 10s. 6d.  
Essays and Reviews, Reply to, by an M.A. of Cambridge, 8vo, 1s. Simpkin.  
Family Friend, January to June 1861, 12mo, 2s. 6d.  
Family Herald, vol. xviii., 4to, 7s. 6d.  
Family Treasury, volume January to June, royal Svo, 4s. 6d.  
First-Class Library: Sala's Twice Round the Clock, 12mo, 2s. and 2s. 6d.  
Forbes (D.), Smaller Hindustani and English Dictionary, 16mo, 12s. Allen.  
Garibaldi's Life and Career, illustrated, new edition, royal Svo, 1s. Ward and Lock.  
Greatrex (C. B.), Esther, and other Sacred Pieces, 12mo, 5s. Saunders and Otley.  
Guessing Stories, or Surprising Adventures of the Man with the Extra Pair of Eyes, 16mo, 3s. Bell.  
Hartwig (G.), Practical Treatise on Sea-Bathing and Sea Air, second edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Churchill.  
Heir-at-Law, and other Tales, 12mo, 2s. Lea.  
Heibronner's Manual of Paper Flower Making, second and third series, 12mo, 1s. each.  
Hicklin (G.), Pleasures of Life, and other Poems, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Kent.  
Jeanes (W.), Modern Confectioner, post 8vo, 6s. 6d. Hotten.  
Knight (Miss Cornelia), Autobiography of, 2 vols., 8vo, 26s. Allen.  
Langford, Prison Books and their Authors, post 8vo, 8s. Page.  
Little by Little, 18mo, 1s. Christian Knowledge Society.  
McCombie (T.), Australian Sketches, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Low.  
Marryat (Captain), Japhet in Search of a Father, new edition, 12mo, 2s.  
Naval and Military Library: Chamier (Captain), Jack Adams, or the Mutiny of the Bounty, 12mo, 2s. C. H. Clarke.  
Newland (Rev. Henry), Memoir of, by Rev. R. M. Stratton, 12mo, 5s. Mansel.  
Norton (J. B.), Nemesis, a poem, post 8vo, 3s. 6d. Richardson.  
Omnipotence of Loving-kindness: Seven Months' Work with the Fallen at Glasgow, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Nisbet.  
Orr's Circle of the Sciences, vol. v., post 8vo, 5s. Griffin.  
Oxenden (A.), Earnest Communicant, new ed., 18mo, 1s. Wertheim.  
Oxenden (A.), Great Truths in very Plain Language, 18mo, 1s. Wertheim.  
Oxenden (A.), Home Beyond, or a Happy Old Age, 12mo, 1s. 6d. Wertheim.  
Page (D.), Past and Present Life of the Globe, post 8vo, 6s. Blackwood.  
Parlor Library, Experiences of a French Detective, by Waters, 12mo, 2s.  
Perera (J.), Selections from Physicians' Prescriptions, with Key, 13th edition, 32mo, 5s. Churchill.  
Pietas Poetica, Selection of Modern Devotional Poetry, 18mo, 3s. 6d. Nisbet.  
Punch, vol. iv., no. 140, 4to, 5s.  
Railway Library: Alnsworth (W. H.), Orvingdean Grange, 12mo, 2s.  
Rogers (E. W.), How to Speak Hindustani, post 8vo, 1s. 6d. Allen.  
Ruth Bunyard's Story, post 8vo, 10s. 6d. Saunders and Otley.  
Scott (Sir W.), Poetical Works, vols. ix. and x., new edit., 12mo, 3s. each.  
Sieveking (E. H.), on Epilepsy and Epileptiform Seizures, 2nd edition, post 8vo, 10s. 6d. Churchill.  
Sinclair (Francis), Reminiscences of a Hamper, post 8vo, 10s. 6d. Saunders and Otley.  
Step-Sisters, by the Author of Heatherdale, 2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. Booth.  
Stratford Shakespeare, vol. iii., 12mo, 3s. 6d. Griffin.  
Spencer (G. S.), Pastor's Sketches, Conversations with Anxious Inquirers, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Nelson.  
St. Bo (T.), Wilfrid and Mary, or Father and Daughter, 12mo, Simpkin.  
Tanner (T. H.), Manual of Practical Medicine, fourth edition, 18mo, 7s. Renshaw.  
Thinking and Acting, by Author of "Ellen Lindsay," 2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. Hurst and Blackett.  
Toache (V.), Handbook of Initial Letters and Borders, post 8vo, 2s. 6d. Burnard.  
Village Missionaries, or To Every One his Work, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Nelson.  
Weale's Series: Herodotus, Books 7 to 9, 12mo, 1s. 6d.  
Weale's Series: Lambourn (R. H.), Metallurgy of Silver and Lead, 12mo, 2s.  
Weale's Series: Smith (R.), Acoustics, 12mo, 1s. 6d.  
Westropp (T.), Fifty Selected Songs from Christy's Minstrels, &c., Book I., 1s.

Williams (C. W.), On Heat, and its Relation to Water and Steam, second edition, 8vo, 7s. 6d. Longman.  
Wilson (W.), Arcana Antiqua, Descriptive Account of Antiquities and Coins of Afghanistan, 4to, 26s. Williams and Norgate.  
Wolff (Dr.), Travels and Adventures, new edition, 1 vol., 8vo, 12s. Saunders and Otley.  
Wyatt (M. Digby), What Illuminating Was, a History of the Art, post 8vo, 1s. 6d. Day.  
Wyatt (M. Digby), What Illuminating Should Be, and How it may be Practised, post 8vo, 1s. 6d. Day.  
Wynter (A.), Our Social Bees, Pictures of Town and Country Life, post 8vo, 6s. Hardwicke.

# SCIENCE.

## STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

May 21.—Colonel Sykes, V.P., in the Chair.  
C. R. Adams, D.C.L., and George Ridley, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society. Mr. Frederick Purdy read a paper "On the Earnings of Agricultural Labourers in England and Wales."

The writer, as a preliminary step, adverted to the peculiarities in the mode of remunerating agricultural labourers, which prevail in the different parts of England and Wales. In some counties, beer and cider are allowed them all the year; in others, the drink is restricted to the hay and corn harvest; food is given in other places besides drink. In some counties, cottages rent-free are provided for them. These circumstances it is necessary to remember in comparing one county with another, and especially in contrasting agricultural with town wages. The principal tables of the paper were compiled from a return which the President of the Poor Law Board had recently placed before the House of Commons. The average of the men's weekly wages in the South-Eastern division, in six months ended at Christmas, 1860, was 11s. 9d.; South Midland, 10s. 6d.; Eastern, 11s. 6d.; South-Western, 9s. 6d.; West Midland, 10s.; North Midland, 12s. 9d.; North-Western (Lancashire and Chester), 12s. 6d. In one Union, the wages were as high as 18s.; York, 18s. 6d.; Northern, 14s.; and Wales, 11s. 3d. The earnings by task or piece work, and the harvest wages, which were stated in detail, were much higher. Taskwork for men in the Michaelmas quarter, ranged from 11s. 6d. to 28s. 6d.; in the Christmas quarter, 11s. to 18s. The wages of women and children were also stated. In the Northern Division, and in the first of the two quarters, the women earned 10s. 6d. per week, but this is the highest point their wages attained. In 1824, 1837, and 1860, the average weekly wages of the men in thirty-four counties, was 9s. 4d., 10s. 4d., and 11s. 7d. respectively: the rise in thirty-six years was 29 per cent. In Wales, in 1837, wages were 7s. 6d., but they are now 11s. 7d. In 1860, the highest-paid division was the Northern, 14s. 10d.; and the lowest, the South-Western, 9s. 6d.; the first having been nearly 50 per cent. higher than the second division. The variations are very remarkable in smaller areas. Thus in the Stourbridge Union, the wages between one parish and another differed 30 per cent.; in the Llanelly Union, 33 per cent.; and in the Carmarthen Union, 50 per cent. The connection between pauperism and wages was shown by contrasting five Unions in Wilts and Dorset, with five in Northumberland and Cumberland. In the first five the rate per head for relief was 8s. 2d., the wages 9s. 6d.; but in the other five the relief was 5s. 6d., and the wages 14s. 6d. Thus relief was 34 per cent. lower, and wages 53 per cent. higher, in the northern than in the southern district. A considerable portion of the paper was devoted to the subject of the prices of food and clothing consumed by the labourer and his family. Numerous accounts of labourers' expenditure in all parts of the country were given. It was shown that the largest part of the labourer's outgoings was for bread and potatoes. Thus, in a Suffolk family earning in 1843 13s. 9d. a week, the expense for these two articles was 10s., and only 1s. 13d. for other sorts of food: but this was a family of seven persons, whose wages were very low. The cost of clothing in a Cornish family of two adults and five children was £8. 5s. 7d., in a Yorkshire family of the same size £7. 0s. 7d. for the year. The weekly average cost per head in both families was 43d. per week. The cottage rent usually paid was 1s. to 2s. per week. In regard to the influence of the seasons upon agricultural work, it appeared that the Lady-day quarter was the worst,

and the Michaelmas quarter the best; the earnings in the latter being double those in the former quarter. It was estimated, on the best data attainable, that the annual income of the labourers was nearly £40,000,000, a sum which very closely approached to the rental of the land under schedule B, namely £42,996,000; from which it follows that the value per acre for labour is very near to the rental per acre.

## NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

May 23.—W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the chair.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Enniskillen, Lieut.-General Fox, and Rev. C. Weatherley were duly elected members of the Society.

Mr. Evans read the following communications:—  
1. From Mr. R. Sim, "On the Lee Penny," which is a groat of Edward IV., of the London Mint, and not, as is described in the edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels of last year, a shilling of Edward I.  
2. From Mr. Friedländer, "On a Coin of Helike," bearing the head of Poseidon, surrounded by a circle of waves, which may be a copy of the brass statue of Poseidon Helikonios; this is the first coin that has been attributed to this town, which was destroyed in B.C. 373 by an earthquake.  
3. From Mr. Webster, "On some unpublished Roman brass coins," including a rare medallion of Antoninus Pius.

Mr. Evans read a paper "On a Legionary Coin of Carausius," with a Ram r. on the reverse, and in the exergue M. L. (Londinium), with the supposed legend LEO. VIII. INVICTA. Mr. Evans, however, clearly proved that the proper legend was LEO. I. ML. (Legio prima Minervia), and gave an interesting account of the history of this legion.

Mr. Berge gave the following list of English coins lately found at Hounslow:—Henry V. or VI., 2 Calais Mint; Edward IV., 182 London, 32 York, 1 Coventry, 3 Norwich, 4 Bristol, 1 Dublin; Richard III., 19 London; Henry VII., 45 London; the above are all groats; and there is a single half-groat of Edward IV., of the London mint. There are also 86 Burgundian coins of Charles the Bold, also of the great size; in all, 376 coins. None were in fine preservation or of great rarity.

Mr. Madden read a paper "On an Aureus of Licinius I.," lately brought from the East by Mr. G. Macleay, and of great rarity, there being only one other known, in the Vienna Museum (Mionnet). It may be described as follows:—LICINIVS AVG. ORBIV. FILII SVI. Full-faced bust of Licinius I., with paludamentum and cuirass. R. IOVI. CONS. LICINI. AVG. Jupiter seated on estrade on which is inscribed SIG. X. SIG. XX. At his feet an eagle. In field r., a star. In exergue, s. M. AN. E. (Signata Moneta Antiochia, 5.) The British Museum already possesses the full-face coin of Licinius II., with the same reverse, excepting the exergual letters, which are s. M. S. D. (Nicomedia 4). The letters o. n. d. v. have been variously explained, "Oh Decennalia vota," "Oh Duplex Victoriam," &c., but all are improbable and without meaning. Mr. de Salis suggests o. n. Diem v. (Quintum) [Natalem understood], struck on his fifth birthday: this seems the most probable explanation.

Mr. Madden contributed a paper "On the Three Valentinians," in which he stated that Eckhel, Mionnet, and Akerman recorded that the coins of Valentinian II., excepting when specially marked by the epithet of IVXIOR, and the coins of Valentinian III., when he is not called PLACIDIVS, were not able to be distinguished from those of Valentinian I., and showed that by a careful comparison these coins can be separated; that in many cases, in consequence of the mint letters, coins that had been assigned to Valentinian I. could not but belong to the son, and that the reverses of the coins of Valentinian III. so resembled the reverses of the coins of the time, that it was impossible to mistake them. Valentinian I. was a stout, full-faced man ("corpus ejus laetitosum et validum," Amm. Marcell. xxx. 9), while the son was only four or five years of age on his father's death, and died when a little more than twenty, and that in consequence it was easy to distinguish between a man and a youth. A list of the coins of Valentinian II. followed, and some remarks on the mint-marks found on these coins, viz. (Treviri), LD. (Lugdunum, Lyons), AQ. (Aquila), in the field, all accompanied by COS. (Constantine Moneta) in the exergue; also on a

coin with the mint-mark *COM. alone*, and assigned to Arles. Constantina was the name given to Arles by Constantine, when he built a new town on the opposite side of the Rhone; and the attribution of a coin of Fausta, with the mint-mark *CONST.*, to Arles, which could not be of Constantinople, because Fausta died before Byzantium was dedicated, is due to the late Mr. Borrell, of Smyrna. Mr. Madden gave an account of many more mint-marks, and, in conclusion, stated that the explanation of some of them was hypothetical, though decidedly probable, referring to his forthcoming work on Roman Numismatics, in which he had fully treated this interesting subject.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 22, 1861.—Leonard Horner, Esq., President, in the chair.

Silas Bowkley, Esq., mining engineer, Batman's Hill, near Bilton, Staffordshire; John Edward Forbes, Esq., 3, Faulkner Street, Manchester; and Captain Francis William Henry Petrie, H.M. 11th Regt., Portsmouth, were elected Fellows.

Professor Gustav Bischof, of Heidelberg, was elected a Foreign Member of the Society.

The following communications were read:—

1. "On the Geology of a part of Western Australia," by F. T. Gregory, Esq., communicated by Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P.G.S., &c.

2. "On the Zones of the Lower Lias and the *Avicula contorta* Zone," by Charles Moore, Esq., F.G.S.

## BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Wednesday, May 22.—T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., Vice-President, in the chair.

The Rev. John James, M.A., of Avington Rectory, Berkshire, was elected an Associate.

Dr. Palmer, of Newbury, made a communication relative to the discovery of a Roman villa at Stanmore Farm, near East Isley, Berks, and transmitted the antiquities thence obtained. They were found accidentally by some labourers digging chalk by the fall of the superincumbent soil displaying portions of broken pottery. A portion of wall, seven feet in length, built of large flint-stones, well cemented together, was also brought into view; and a careful search (of which the particulars were detailed) produced a portion of bronze, resembling a stylus, some bits of iron, and some nails. The principal object is a vase, 5½ inches in height, with an open-work design of some elegance, and only found in the pottery obtained from the Rhine, which is directed to be engraved. There were various tiles for roofing and other purposes, a bronze spear-head of good form, and an iron arrow-head with a hole in the centre.

Mr. A. S. Bell, of Scarborough, gave information of the discovery of a large dolium, or amphora, fished up in the trawling-net of the smack "Vigilant," of Hull, at the back of the Goodwin Sands. It was covered with seaweed, oyster and mussel shells, and a coating of corallines, the greater part of which has been removed. It is 5 ft. 9 in. high and 2 ft. 6 in. in circumference, and capable of holding 16 gallons. The bottom is round, and it has two handles.

The Rev. Mr. Ridgway exhibited a French casting in brass, representing a crucifixion; but of whom is uncertain. The figure is bound to a knotted cross with cords, is bearded, and nearly nude. He is surrounded by a group of male and female figures, clothed in Asiatic garb. Mr. Ridgway also exhibited a beautiful carving in wood of the crucifixion of the Saviour, executed in the Netherlands in the early part of the 17th century.

Mr. Syer Cumming exhibited an interesting disk, a facsimile in gutta-percha of the brazen field of a Limoges enamel of the twelfth century, discovered at Thornholm, in Yorkshire.

Mr. John Moore, of West Coker, in Somersetshire, forwarded the results of a digging made by some labourers in a field, by which an ancient British interment was brought to light, in April last,—ashes, charcoal, and a variety of comminuted bones, constituting a large mass, all pronounced by Mr. and Dr. W. V. Pettigrew to be human, and not having been burnt. Portions of rude, unbaked pottery, flint arrow-heads, portions of celts were also found, rendering the discovery one of interest, and worthy of being printed in the *Journal*.

Mr. John Barrow, F.R.S., exhibited the drawing

of a stone, known as the Fardle-stone, which, it was said, is to be deposited in the British Museum. It formed a support for the ring-post of a shed in the courtyard of Fardle Manor House, near Ivybridge, South Devon. It is 4 ft. high, and more than 6 in. thick, and has upon it characters not easily read. It was referred for particular examination.

The remainder of the evening was occupied in the reading of a paper by the Rev. Mr. Ridgway, giving an account of Caversham, in Oxfordshire, and correcting some errors published by topographers of this locality. The paper will be printed.

## INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

May 28.—George P. Bidder, Esq., President, in the chair.

The discussion upon the Paper by Mr. G. P. Bidder, jun., B.A., on "The National Defences," occupied the whole of the evening.

At the Monthly Ballot, the following candidates were balloted for and duly elected:—Messrs. J. Burns, R. Morrison, T. Ormiston, I. Paton, P. G. B. Westmacott, as Members; and Messrs. C. D. Abel, W. J. Nesham, M. R. Robinson, and Major J. G. Medley, B.E., as Associates.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY.—*Royal United Service Institution*.—Captain C. P. Coles, R.N., on the Construction of Iron-cased Ships.

TUESDAY.—*Ethnological Society*, 8.—On a Systematic Mode of Craniometry, by George Busk, F.R.S.—On Australian Traditions, by R. H. Major, F.R.S.

*Institution of Civil Engineers*, 9.—President's Conversation.

WEDNESDAY.—*Society of Arts*, 8.—On the International Exhibition of 1862, by Mr. William Hawes.

*Geological Society*, 8.—On the occurrence of large Boulders of Granite at a great depth in West Rosewarne Mine, Gwinnear, Cornwall, by H. C. Salmon, Esq., F.G.S.—On an erect Sigillaria from the South Joggins, Nova Scotia, by Dr. J. W. Dawson, F.G.S.—On a Carpollite from the Coal-formation of Cape Breton, by Dr. J. W. Dawson, F.G.S.

*Obstetrical Society*, 8.

THURSDAY.—*Linnæan Society*, 8.—Dr. James Salter on certain Sexual Monstrosities in the genus *Passiflora*.—Mr. F. Smith on Hymenopterous Insects collected in the Islands of Ceram, Celebes, &c.

*Society of Antiquaries*, 8½.

*Royal Society*.—Election of Fellows.

FRIDAY.—*Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland*, 4.

## THE UNIVERSITIES.

OXFORD, May 30.

I MUST give the first place this week to the mention of a truly melancholy event. On Thursday last Dr. Cardwell, Principal of Alban Hall and Camden Professor of Ancient History, departed this life. Dr. Cardwell's death was not unexpected. He had been ill for some weeks, and had reached his seventy-fifth year. The deceased gentleman had been connected with the University for upwards of half a century, having graduated from Brasenose College in 1809, when he took a first-class in Classics, and a second-class in mathematics. During the whole of this period he was universally respected. He was elected Fellow of Brasenose, and in 1826 was made Camden Professor. In 1831 he was appointed to succeed Archbishop Whately, at Alban Hall, and has since held many offices in the University. He was well known as an antiquary, being an F.S.A., and the author of *Lectures on Greek and Roman Coins*, in addition to which he edited the *Ethics of Aristotle*, *Josephus De Bellis Judeorum*, and several ecclesiastical works. I have not yet heard who is likely to succeed him, or when the election will take place. The appointment lies with the Warden and Fellows of Merton.

Some weeks ago a review appeared in your columns, of two lectures by Mr. Goldwin Smith, the Regius Professor of Modern History, to which lectures was added an appendix, containing a violent onslaught upon Professor Mansel's *Bampton Lectures*. Mr. Mansel is generally pretty well armed, whether for offence or defence, and is not very backward to join issue in any combat of words; still, it was rumoured that on this occasion, inasmuch as his would-be antagonist had omitted the ceremony of sending him a formal challenge in the shape of a copy of his pamphlet, the champion would refuse to enter the lists. That rumour was, it seems, partially

or wholly untrue, for there has this week appeared from his pen a long letter in reply to Mr. Smith. Mr. Mansel is aggrieved, and not without cause either, at the calm manner in which the charge of atheism is brought against him by his brother Professor, and at the general tone and method of the entire criticism. His defence is set forth without the slightest show of any rancorous feeling, and is most able so far as it goes, though it cannot, except from his own point of view, be considered quite conclusive. He has cleared his own character, but has not by any means silenced those who would oppose his doctrine only. Many of those who read the attack will probably be deterred from giving a fair hearing to the reply by the long quotations from various divines, of which it mainly consists, and which, though they show the author's knowledge of the subject and give authority to his opinions, yet tend to make his line of argument less easy to follow than if it were plainly stated in his own words. I do not suppose that this is by any means the last shot that will be fired, but I dare say we may have to wait some little time for the next, for both of these gentlemen have usually so many controversies on hand that they cannot spare time to fight it out at once.

The Vice-Chancellor announces that Mr. William Pengelly, the well-known geologist, has kindly consented to give a lecture at the New Museum on the Devonian formation, with special reference to the collection made by himself, and presented by Miss Burdett Coutts to the University.

The Professor of Poetry, Mr. Matthew Arnold, proposes delivering a lecture at the Taylor Building, on the 8th of June, in continuation of his course on "The Modern Element in Literature." The subject of this particular lecture will be, "The Claim of the Celtic Race and the Claim of the Christian Religion to have originated chivalrous sentiment."

The subject for the Arnold Prize Essay for the coming year has just been given out. It is, "The Danube as connected with the Civilization of Central Europe." Any graduate who matriculated less than eight years ago may compete, and the compositions must be sent to the Registrar on the 1st of February next.

The Pusey and Ellerton Hebrew Scholarship will shortly be filled up. Candidates must call on the Regius Professor of Hebrew on the 6th of June, and the examination will commence on the 7th.

The President and Fellows of Trinity have elected Mr. E. C. Boyle to their vacant Fellowship; and Messrs. J. H. Crowfoot of Trinity, R. W. Rapee of Balliol, and L. G. G. Robbins of Marlborough School, to their Scholarships.

CAMBRIDGE, May 30.

The effect of the unwonted gaieties which enlivened Cambridge last week, has been to make the University appear preternaturally dull just at present. Play has given place to work, as the 190 young gentlemen who entered for the ordinary B.A. examination, which terminates to-morrow, would doubtless be able to testify. Those fortunate youths who are not undergoing the torture of examination, are, for the most part, profoundly studying the foreign Bradshaw, Murray's Guide-books, and cheap manuals of the French language, with the fell intent of making tours in the "long;" while some are planning reading parties at the Lakes, and a few promise to content themselves with "seeing life" in the metropolis. In a word, everybody seems to contemplate a retirement from Alma Mater during the remainder of the academical year.

This warm, sweltering weather has witnessed the actual installation of the new Professor of Natation in his amphibious chair. It must be an amusing sight to see a professor in the orthodox pink drawers, lecturing to pupils who are snorting and plunging around him, like playful porpoises at the Nore, or gracefully seated on the leaf of a water-lily, while taking the repose which the terrestrial portion of his nature requires.

An important addition is likely to be shortly made to the scientific treasures of the University; Dr. Goodacre having munificently offered to remove his museum of vertebrate animals to Cambridge, subject to certain conditions, which appear extremely reasonable. The collection has been examined by Mr. Churchill Babington, of St. John's College, and the Master and Fellows of Downing have consented



to set apart a room for its reception. To-morrow a Grace will be presented to the Senate to sanction the acceptance of the offer.

The election of a Professor of Botany in the place of the late lamented Mr. Henslow, is fixed to take place on the 11th of June. It is generally anticipated that the choice of the electors will fall upon Mr. Charles Cardale Babington, of St. John's College, a gentleman whose extensive acquirements in botanical science are well known.

The Working Men's College, which was set on foot here a few years ago, has not met with that share of success which its projectors anticipated, and which it certainly deserved, considering how useful is its object, and how admirably it is conducted. I hear, however, that this Term there is a still further falling off in the number of the members.

The Library Syndics have reported that the period of two years, for which Mr. Bradshaw, Fellow of King's College, was engaged to rearrange, catalogue, and classify the MSS. and early-printed books, will expire on the 9th of next month; and being of opinion that his work has been performed in a highly satisfactory manner, they recommend that he should be engaged for a further period of two years, at an annual salary of £150. I may remark, that previously to Mr. Bradshaw's taking in hand this labour of love, the MSS. were in a state of chaos, and his work must have been almost equal to that of Mr. Layard at Nineveh.

Mr. F. W. H. Myers's prize poem on "The Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington" has formed the subject of much conversation; and for the most part the criticisms are favourable. It must be admitted to possess the charm of novelty in style, and to be above the average of prize poems, which, as Macaulay remarked, too frequently resemble prize pigs; but still such lines as

"In silence bent the Prince an awful head"

slightly partakes of the quality termed "fustian."

In my account of the proceedings of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* the week before last, I was compelled by want of space to omit mention of the fact that Mr. Mayor read a letter from George Acworth to Archbishop Parker, 10 cal. April 1560, containing autobiographical particulars and illustrating the gross scyophancy of the writer, who compliments Parker in terms similar to those which a year or two previously he had employed in addressing Cardinal Pole.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, MAY 28.

HAVING just at this moment no nine days' wonder to talk about, we are very anxiously expecting the arrival of the Siamese ambassadors. The 'Gironde' has sailed from Ceylon, having on board their Excellencies and their suite. It seems they have made a favourable passage so far, and are looked for daily at Suez. They are three in number, and they have with them, not only a numerous retinue, but also several of their children, who are, by means of this visit, to receive a tincture of European taste and education. Besides this, they bring eight officers of each of the two royal households, and several literary persons, to record their doings, and the wonders which are to be seen in this capital of civilization. We are getting by heart their names—"their honourable names," as it is polite to say. They are, Praya-si-phi-pat, the nephew of the two Kings, for the Spartan plan of a dual royalty is adopted in Siam; and this gentleman holds the first rank among the ambassadors, as representing equally both their Majesties. Then come Phra-nay-way, ambassador of the first King, and Phra-wong-iji, ambassador of the second. They bring with them a distinguished French Orientalist, M. l'abbé Larenaudie, who is perfectly familiar with the Siamese language, having for a considerable period resided at the capital of the country, Bangkok. The pretty numerous class who lose no opportunity of abusing England find here a very curious one ready to their hand. The perfidious government of Lord Palmerston has purchased the interpreter! and not only will M. de Larenaudie give an Anglican twist to their Excellencies' observations, but he has, so we

are told, actually persuaded them to approach the Imperial presence just as the ambassadors do who are accredited from European Powers; so that we shall be defrauded of all those wriggings and contortions, that crawling to the foot of the throne, and delivering a speech with the chin elevated on a footstool, which occasioned such inextinguishable laughter at the Court of Queen Victoria. Let us, however, hope better things. If this be true, "Les Abbés à la lanterne!" would be only too reasonable.

We have, however, secured the Campana collection; that is, we have secured a large part of it. The coins and medals, which were of inestimable value, were sold in London some years ago. A portion of the armour, and some of the most beautiful Etruscan vases, have been selected by the Russian government; and the Pope has picked out a few statues to adorn the Vatican. Still, the French have obtained, for the price of about £15,000, a very valuable addition to the stores of the Louvre. I may just mention among these some remarkably fine Etruscan vases, a superb collection of ancient jewellery, a few Roman gold coins, and the finest collection of terra-cotta as yet made by any private individual. More remarkable still is the Etruscan with some specimens of Roman and a few of Phœnician glass; of these last it is difficult to tell the value. I need say nothing of Majolica and Palissy ware, nor of the works of Luca di Robbia. At all events, the treasure is something to be proud of, and never were £15,000 better spent.

Another addition has been made to the national collections by a gift from M. Lonjon, who has presented to the Museum of Natural History a collection of scientific MSS., among which is a catalogue of Chinese and Indian plants. This was made at the request of Louis Guillaume le Monnier, first physician of Louis XVI., and Professor of Botany at the Jardin des Plantes.

The Duke of Hamilton has made a handsome present to the Hôtel de Clugny—two statues by Claux Sluter, a Dutch sculptor, who received in the year 1399 the title of *Imager* to the Duke of Burgundy. These two were executed for the Duke Philippe le Hardi. Two others by the same hand are in the same collection.

Public bodies who have it in their power to bestow prizes are accused just now of exercising this right in a vexatious, if not a seditious, manner. Two examples are cited. The Emperor gives annually "a great prize," and the French Academy has to decide, in his Majesty's name, who is to receive it. After several ballots, which went in favour of Madame Dudevant and M. Jules Simon, it was resolved to give the prize to M. Thiers for his *History of the Empire*. M. Thiers is known to be no friend to the present Government. At Lausanne M. Proudhon has obtained a prize, which is also looked on as a demonstration against the Emperor on the part of Switzerland.

An archaeological dispute of considerable interest is now attracting the attention of the historical student: it is whether Alise in the Côte d'Or, or Alaise in Franche Comté, is the Alesia defended by Vercingetorix against Caesar, and where finally Rome triumphed over the independence of Gaul. This question has been a long time before the public, and lately some Roman remains discovered at Alise have revived the controversy; but it does not appear that any discoveries of this kind can stand in the way of the historical facts of the case. Caesar expressly states that Alesia contained 90,000 inhabitants, was defended by an army of 30,000 men, and that both city and army were victualled for more than a month. The plateau on which Alise is built contains only 97 hectares; so that while Alaise answers the conditions perfectly well, Alise does not do so at all. This point will be as much and as warmly disputed as the locality on which Caesar landed in this country. M. de Servois is at present the great advocate for Alaise.

The success which has attended the excavations made by Mr. Newton in Asia Minor, and the results of which have enriched the British Museum, has stimulated the Imperial Government to send out more than one commission with similar objects. Among others, M. Ernest Renan has been able to make some successful researches at Djebail (the ancient Byblos) and attempted some also in the island of Ruad (the ancient Aradus), but he was obliged

to renounce them through the fanaticism of the people. They have kept up in full force their ancient superstition that the "Giaours" only look for treasures of gold and jewels, and that these are guarded by "gins" and "afreets," who will not allow true believers to obtain them. Hence arises the duty of true believers, on the genuine dog-in-the-manger principle, to prevent their being snapped up by the "giaours." At Tyre, however, he has been more fortunate, and has dug up a good number of Phœnician inscriptions, one of which is circular.

To ethnologists a still greater interest will probably attach to the researches of M. Georges Perrot, who has left Constantinople in company with a draftsman, a photographer, and an architect, to investigate Cyzicum, Nicomedia, and Nicæa, passing from thence, by way of Broussa, to Galatia, a province which has been hitherto but imperfectly explored. This region is remarkable for having been the seat of a Gaulish immigration, which founded many cities, and gradually mixed with the Phrygian race around it. We may hope for very interesting discoveries from M. Georges Perrot.

As to books, we have some good ones, but not new, and some new ones, but not good, and a few which are both new and good. I shall begin with the first—*mémoires* and translations. We have a really good translation of the political orations of Demosthenes, by M. P. A. Ploughoulm, a man of great experience and equal success as a pleader himself. This translation lays aside the idea of textual closeness; it aims at showing the great orator of antiquity under his political and what our American friends would call "his eloquent aspect." M. Ploughoulm says plainly that he wonders how it has been possible to exhibit the fiery Athenian in so very tame and Quaker-like a garb as that which he wears when "traduced" into modern languages: certainly there is more spirit and vigour in this version than in any which France, and perhaps we may say England, has yet seen.

Critics are still busy with M. le Marquis de Pomponne. He lays bare, with an unsparing hand, the policy of *le grand Monarque*. The history of Savoy receives many illustrations from them, and the dealings of Louis XIV. with the Pope show how little real respect the king had for the man, however superstitious he might be with regard to the office. For the eldest son of the Church, he was certainly anything rather than submissive. One thing, however, results clearly from the publication of this remarkable book—that we have not as yet a very reliable character of this much discussed sovereign. De Pomponne was disgraced and ruined by Louvois and Colbert; he is not, therefore, to be regarded as altogether an impartial witness against them; but the character of the king himself cannot fail to be considerably affected by such revelations as are made here. One party of historians affect to consider the king as his own minister, and those who held the title merely as his Majesty's secretaries—just as, in fact, may be said of the ministers of Napoleon III. If this be the case, most, if not all, the blame of those great political crimes, as well as blunders, which the most Christian king made, must fall on his own shoulders; and then what becomes of his Christianity? If the ministers of Louis XIV. were like the ministers of his grandson and successor, what becomes of the monarch's autocracy? De Pomponne always praises the king, always speaks of him as acting according to his own will, and yet coolly remarks: "The king ordered the Palatinate to be burned and ravaged; the king undertook to pay the Elector a subsidy of 30,000 crowns per month, which, however, he never intended to disburse." This was the language of the Court, but its falsehood was perfectly known all the while. In short, so far as the Marquis supports his opinions by documents, so far he is a valuable witness; but beyond this, he seems, in the midst of much laudation, to have little object beyond vilifying Louis and his ministers.

It seems strange, in a time of disturbance like the present, when the light of the Roman Church seems to be dying out, and the Greek Communion, as far as its temporalities are concerned, is but a toy in the hands of the Russian Czar,—that there should be men of ability and earnestness devising plans to heal the schism of ages, and to unite the Eastern and Western sections of what was once the Catholic Church. Such, however, is the fact: one such is

the Rev. J. P. Pitra, who has just edited the Canons of the Greek Church, and entered largely into its history. I notice this for the observation of those interested in such questions.

M. Eugène Rendu has published an important work on the University of France, with which his father, M. Ambroise Rendu, was closely connected. This was one of the institutions of the first Napoleon, and here in a single volume we may read in what way his ideas on the subject of education culminated.

M. le Comte Jaubert has given the world a work which will not fail to be highly valued hereafter, just at this period of commencing railways, which will cut up dialects and drive provincialities before the locomotive in France, just as it has done in England. M. le Comte Jaubert has published a *Glossary of the Dialects used in the Central Districts of France*. To the student of French literature this book will be of great use. It will aid in developing the sources as well as the resources of the language, and it shows, too, as among ourselves, how many words used by country-people are only guesses at something more learned than common: "huile d'herisson" for "huile de ricin,"—that is, "oil of hedgehogs" instead of castor-oil; "mouches catholiques" instead of "mouches cantharides,"—"Catholic flies" instead of Spanish flies, are instances in point. At the same time, there are a great many errors in this glossary: such, for instance, as deriving the term *barre*, applied to a striped ox, from the Latin *varius*; *warren* from *arena*, and making it to signify a sandy ground; and some others of equal magnitude. In spite, however, of all this, the book is amusing and learned.

Baron Liebig has been elected a member of the Academy of Sciences. Among his competitors was our distinguished countryman, Professor Airey, who will, no doubt, have his turn; and while speaking of England and English scholars, I may just mention that the French Government has selected the *History of England*, by M. Bonnechese, to be placed in all educational libraries in France.

Just now we have a great abundance of crime, not so tremendous in its character as is sometimes the case, but still various and startling. Suicides, too, have been frequent, and some cases of asphyxiation have attracted a good deal of attention. One was that of a wife who, finding herself attacked by a disease which would, she feared, render her distasteful to her husband, destroyed herself in the way above named. Another, that of two persons who, fearing the discovery of certain acts of dishonesty of which they had been guilty, after preparing two doses of turpentine (a strange choice of poison), closed all the crevices of their apartment and suffocated themselves with the fumes of charcoal. I shall conclude this letter with what I believe to be a French invention, but which is stated in Paris to be an American truth. A certain clergyman in a southern city of America insured his stock of sermons against fire. It so happened that the house in which he lived *did* take fire, and the sermons were consumed. The clergyman applied to the company for payment. The company resisted, declaring that an old sermon was worth nothing; but the case was carried into court, and, on evidence being given that the discourses were much admired by the congregation who had heard them, and who were quite willing to hear them again, the jury gave a verdict of £400 to the plaintiff.

## FINE ARTS.

### ROYAL ACADEMY. FOURTH NOTICE.

IN this last notice of the present Exhibition, so much ought to be done, and so much space would be required to do it, even at reasonable length, that it becomes quite perplexing when we look at the vast number of pictures, and then at the small number of columns left at our disposal. Such, however, is the tyranny of Mrs. Grundy, even in the domain of Literature and the Fine Arts, that the public would think themselves bored, were the "proprieties" imposed by the old lady not rigidly adhered to

even to the sacrifice of common sense, and sorely detracting as they do from the just importance due to Art and its productions. Any of the English periodicals will furnish an example of this tyranny of custom against the legitimate claims of Art and Exhibitions; and we also require to bow before the fashion of the times. If an author indites a pamphlet having any pretensions to respectability of style, he has it noticed, if at all, in half a column of small type; or if the work aspires to be "a shilling volume," or anything beyond, it will probably be reviewed at from one to three pages of some or all of the literary journals, and perhaps secure as extended notice in proportion in many of the morning and weekly papers. The performance of an opera or a play is treated to equal space and amplification, and the public appear to think it all as it should be. It is not supposed that multitudes of words, covering a quantity of space, have any inseparable connection with expenditure of thought; so that it would often be a fatal mistake to estimate the quality of rivers or estuaries by their length. But in ordinary circumstances, space is a good rough test of the relative importance attached to different subjects; and the fact that the labours of six hundred artists have to be squeezed into three or four short articles, in journals professing to make "Fine Arts" one of their prominent departments, shows how different the public appreciation of pictures is, as compared with the interest in books. And yet a picture is just a book written with a brush instead of a pen, and as truly contains the mental qualities of the author as if it had been spelled out in words by help of a grey goose quill. Some pictures are, so to speak, mere pamphlets—thoughts hastily thrown together, dressed out in more or less attractive attire; and some of both classes of productions fall still-born into the world from sheer want of vitality. But even among the higher class of artists, the difference in favour of the man of letters over the painter is enormous; and while the best picture will be dismissed in half a column—often in a couple of sentences—a book of less importance in its sphere will secure page after page of elaborate exposition. This anomaly marks the state of public education in Art, and shows how much has yet to be done before the Arts can obtain their legitimate influence, and reach their true importance, in this country. We, like others, must teach the people truth as they are able to bear it; and here, as elsewhere, Art must be kept in marked subordination to Literature. This must be our excuse for what would otherwise be mere impertinence—viz. dismissing in a sentence dozens of pictures which have cost the artists who produce them, perhaps, a whole year of thought and toil—thought often as vigorous as any found in books, and toil more laborious than the construction of well-balanced sentences.

No. 214, *Liberating Prisoners on the Young Heir's Birthday*, P. H. Calderon, is a picture on which a column could be written with more advantage to the reader than satisfaction to the artist, and in such cases the want of space is rather an advantage, because it is sometimes unpleasant to say what duty demands; but it must be said that this No. 214 is no improvement on the artist's former works, nor is it half as good as his other picture, *La De-mande en Mariage*, No. 72, which is excellent both in thought and working-out, displaying at once great delicacy of perception and breadth of artistic treatment. No. 218, *Volunteers Returning from Firing*, F. Harrison, is one of those various efforts to which the Volunteer enthusiasm has given birth. The effect is good, although a little conventional, the men standing

up against the light of a setting sun; but the style is broad, and the tone of colour respectable. No. 226, *A Leaf from the Book of Nature*, has been well selected by H. C. Whaithe, and it has been as well painted as it was well chosen; but there is a want of depth and richness in colour, and a frittered kind of style which borders on meanness, not at all promising nor conducive to excellence in landscape. No. 232, *An Unexpected Trump*, W. H. Knight, is a very good picture of a threadbare subject, and it is a pity that an artist who can paint so well could not also get something a little less hackneyed on which to bestow his powers. No. 242, *The Breakwater, Plymouth*, F. R. Lee, R.A., is one of the best of this artist's works; but, like all the others, it contains no vestige of genuine colour—nothing but paint, paint, and that in its crudest and least attractive combinations. The other pictures by this artist, of *Gibraltar*, and *Where the Railway has not yet come*, are both of the same class and character, the productions of poverty in thought, and devoid of any redeeming richness of colour, without which such subjects are not pictures, but only more or less valuable pieces of furniture. No. 251, *Toothache*, E. Nicol, is a vulgar picture, black in colour, and flat in treatment; and the artist might take lessons, in all the refinements of his Art, from the young lady who painted No. 258, *The Escape of Lord Nithsdale*, 1716, E. Osborn, which is really a fine work, and most wonderful as the production of a young lady. The expression of the Lord in his escape is very intense, while the colour and drawing of the interior of the picture is such as reflects the greatest credit on Miss Osborn. Another piece of good colour is No. 262, *Persian Bazaar, Cairo*, H. Pilleau, although it has not much else to recommend it to special notice. The trees in No. 265, *Genevra*, R. Redgrave, R.A., are very well painted, although the same praise cannot be bestowed on the figure, which is weak in every respect, while the subject is not particularly interesting, at least as it is treated by this artist. No. 270, *A Sunny Bank*, G. Lance, is a picture of fruit by the best of all our fruit painters, and this is one of the best of Mr. Lance's recent works; while *Lilies*, No. 275, T. M. Joy, is a young lady, who seems to have forgotten that cleanliness is next to godliness, looking—as beautiful as her dirty-coloured flesh tints will permit—at some lilies she is holding in her hands. What a pity that this fine head should have been so spoiled from want of more clearness and reality of colour! but it is greyer than Raphael's grey boy, with but a small portion of the qualities of expression which makes that boy so bewitching to all who love the really beautiful, and who can see beauty despite the want of high-class colour.

No. 277, *Puritan Purifiers*, C. Rossiter, is a large and pretentious, but very poor, picture by one of those artists who begin by despising all rules of art, and end by working what they pretend to despise, threadbare. As one of the pre-Raphaelite school, Mr. Rossiter's creed is "Nature," and nothing else but Nature; and he has been perhaps true to his creed; but the creed necessarily prevents its adherents painting history, because the more rigidly the dogma is adhered to, the more false must the picture become. Nature in this sense means not what has been, but what is; and from this everyday existence they are to "select nothing, request nothing," but paint what comes to hand. It is, no doubt, in following this "ism" that Mr. Rossiter has been enabled to produce so bad a picture, and how it was ever hung on the line only the Hanging Committee will be able to explain. As to rules, the pyramidal form of com-



position has been dragged in head and shoulders to be exhibited by the three foreground figures, while some other well-known lines have been attempted with less success in other parts of the picture. But there is always a point where rules ought to end and genius ought to begin; and this artist evidently draws this line at colour, which is not only against all rule, but against all common sense, because the bright red of the right-hand corner has no balance anywhere, and even the white shirt of that French refugee made to play the part of a Puritan so badly, does not bring back the eye to a centre of attraction. The utter want of truth in this figure no doubt arises from taking nature as the artist finds it; and the first person he found for a model was no doubt this political refugee, who stands here, mallet in hand, to personify an Englishman of the Commonwealth. Other points of this picture are equally at fault, as the man with the axe, instead of striking the image, should the instrument descend, of which, happily, from the drawing of the arm there is not the least chance, would inevitably take off the other man's foot,—anomalies that might be overlooked from those who make no extraordinary pretensions to an exclusive monopoly of Nature as their peculiar "ism," but which are intolerable when no higher powers of generalization cover the inability of making even respectable copies of that Nature which they cant about, rather than intelligently see. Ten times rather would we have the cold classicality of No. 302 and 308, by Miss J. E. B. Hay, although the figures in these are little other than painted statues, but there is at least no supercilious pretensions to special devotion to Nature about them, while they as evidently have been inspired by what we may venture to call too strong an attachment to art and the antique. No. 309, *George Stephenson at Darlington*, 1823, A. Rankley, is a simple treatment of a pleasing subject; but although good in many of its parts, and respectable as a whole, it does not show that progress on the part of this artist which some previous pictures led us to anticipate. Artists at Mr. Rankley's age cannot afford to be only equal to themselves, because this betokens not so much progress as stagnation, for which even the more perfect faculty required in working out ideas does not compensate. Still, this *George Stephenson* is a capital picture, and attracts a considerable share of public attention. No. 328, *Slaves Waiting for Sale, Richmond, Virginia*, E. Crowe, is a picture of high excellence, especially in character and expression, and places the artist a long way forward in his professional career. Some of the heads are beautifully painted, as well as clearly drawn; and there are few better pictures in the Exhibition. Although the subject is not pleasing, yet Mr. Crowe has given us none of the merely revolting characteristics of that infamous traffic from which his subject has been taken. No. 330, *The Sonnetto*, W. F. Yeames, is another picture of good colour, and well painted; and No. 341, *Queen Margaret's Defiance of the Scottish Parliament*, J. Faed, is good in its individual parts, but in general effect rather more ornamental than pictorial.

No. 381, *The Franciscan Sculptor and his Model*, H. S. Marks, is a picture of considerable humour, and still more considerable promise. It has a high quality of originality about it, both in thought and style. The misfortune of half the pictures exhibited—and this is more especially true of landscape—is that, with very few varieties, they all bear so strong a general resemblance to each other, as to make ordinary people fancy that when they have seen two or three, they have in reality

seen them all; and there is too much truth in this popular method of seeing the Exhibition. Mr. Marks has escaped this fault, for the most critical eye in searching the rooms will not be able to point to a single picture and say, "Mr. Marks has based his style on that." This is itself a very high and rare thing in art, and to this attribute of genius this artist has established his claim, so far as the successful effort can establish it. To go over the figures which make out this incident, so as to convey any idea of vigorous humour, would require more space than we can now bestow; but one word we must say, and that is of caution to Mr. Marks about the danger of not keeping the line between wit and vulgarity sufficiently defined, and the strong inducements artists who have the power of making people laugh are under, to allow character to degenerate into caricature. This weakness shows itself in this picture, and, the danger of it increasing, is one that cannot be too jealously guarded against. No. 389, *The Life-Boat going to the Rescue*, T. Brooks, is a picture which contains many excellent heads and good general painting, but it has no chance with the public against No. 492, *Elaine*, H. Wallace, which is not so much a picture as a design for stained glass, and where a vulgar display of brilliant colours is set out to attract the applause of the ignorant. Fortunately only the very simple ones are taken in by the meretricious show, and even the common people are becoming too wise in art to be caught with the chaff of an artist's wardrobe or the painting of hair to imitate spun silk. This class of pictures do more to vitiate public taste than elevate it, and it is literally deplorable to have such works hung on the line by those whose business it is to foster and superintend the Art education of the people. Of Mr. Leighton's *Dream*, No. 399, and Mr. Barwell's *Hero of the Day*, No. 411; of M. Stone's *Claudio*, No. 425, or *The Beautiful Flowers*, by the Misses Mutrie, of *The Seven Ages*, by Mr. G. Smith, of which only the school-boy and the soldier are up to the artist's reputation; of McCallum's beautiful *Spring in Burnham Wood*, or Mr. Linnell's grand picture of some heath-clad hills (the best landscape in the exhibition); or Mr. J. T. Linnell's *May Morning*, No. 475, or his other and better picture which is worse hung; or Danby's beautiful scene amidst the hills, or young Solomon's *Young Musician*, No. 493, or Mr. Hicks's magnificent picture of a comparatively worthless subject, *Billingsgate*, No. 511, or his sister's *Arrest of a Deserter*, No. 581, or the capital picture by Maguire, of *Dr. Jenner's Volunteer*, No. 589, or the admirable picture, No. 601, *Doing Business*, H. J. Stanley, or Houston's beautiful *Skylark*, No. 630, one of the sweetest works in the room,—or of the host of pre-Raphaelite efforts which are clustered somewhat thickly in the outer room, we can do nothing more than note their existence, while many, very many, worthy pictures cannot have even that scant share of justice done them; while the North Room, devoted to drawings and architectural subjects, and the Sculpture Room, must be left to the investigation and judgment of our readers, when they will not fail to see for themselves the *Oliver Goldsmith*, by Foley, and the *Girl and Dog*, by Durham, as well as some heads worthy of attention, by various artists, although the sculptors do not appear to have made any special effort to open their new accommodation with *éclat*. The close of such a review is highly suggestive, and the mind is forced to compare what is with what has been, as well as with the prospect of what may be expected; but the subject is too wide and various for

treatment at the far end of an article, and we shall therefore only say that while there is nothing very startling, there is no ground for despondency from the present Exhibition.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA.

## PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Sixth Concert, Monday, May 27, 1861.

## PART I.

Sinfonia in G major, Letter V	Haydn.
Scena ed Aria, "Ahi! vana illusione di questo cor" (Euryanthe)	Weber.
Concerto in E flat, pianoforte, Op. 4	Ster. Bennett.
Recit., "La notte fugge" (Faust)	Spohr.
Aria, "Sh, lo sento" (Faust)	Spohr.
Overture (Ruy Blas)	Mendelssohn.

## PART II.

Sinfonia in B flat	Beethoven.
Scena, "Non più di fiori" (La Clemenza di Tito)	Mozart.
Concerto, violino, No. 7	Spohr.
Terzetto, "Soave sia il vento" (Così fan tutte)	Mozart.
Overture (Siege of Corinth)	Rossini.
Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.	

Whatever may be the degree of estimation (and it is undoubtedly very high) in which Professor Sterndale Bennett is held by Continental critics, his own countrymen are not a whit behind in their appreciation of his merits, both as a musician and a composer. The rapt attention with which each movement of his masterly Concerto in E flat was followed by the audience, and the hearty applause that ensued (unconsciously interpreted by Miss Goddard as a tribute to her extraordinary powers of execution), proved that, in this instance at least, the prophet was not without honour in his own country. A student of the Royal Academy of Music at the age of ten, he resided in that institution from 1826 to 1836, during which he produced two Symphonies, three Overtures (those of the "Tempest," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Parisina," respectively), two pianoforte Concertos in E flat (Op. 4) and D minor, and a Sextet (Op. 8) for piano and stringed instruments. Considered as the composition of a youth not yet twenty years of age, the Concerto in E flat, introduced into last Monday's programme, is a most remarkable work, and might well be taken as the creation of a veteran proficient in the art, both for the originality of ideas and the clearness of the forms in which these ideas are wrought out. Owing to its extreme difficulty, it is seldom attempted in public, even by pianists of first-rate execution; so that when it is performed, it has all the additional charm of novelty.

Of the two Symphonies, which were both executed to perfection, that of Haydn, in G (not to be confounded, by the way, from its identity of key, with the playful Surprise Symphony), can hardly be considered as equal to its companions; that of Beethoven, in B flat, composed about the year 1807, and therefore strictly belonging to what is called Beethoven's second period, which extends from 1801 to 1814, is by some considered the master's *chef d'œuvre*, though this is an opinion in which we by no means pretend to participate; but the exquisite slow movement will endure a comparison with those of the D major and C minor symphonies. What master but Beethoven, what genius, in short, but that of the highest order, could have transformed the few simple notes of the descending scale into such a ravishing melody as that which constitutes the Adagio in E flat? This Symphony has already been given once this season at one of the concerts given by the Musical Society of London, in St. James's Hall; but its performance then was no way superior to that of last Monday, at the Hanover Square Rooms. The rendering of Spohr's violino concerto could not have been entrusted to a more fitting performer than Mr. Henry Blagrove, who, in addition to his own unsurpassed execution, adds the still more valuable qualifications of instructions received personally from Spohr himself, and a thorough knowledge of the powers of the instrument. The two overtures were well selected and well played, the first perhaps more so than the second, inasmuch as Mendelssohn's music is invariably played by the members of the Philharmonic band with a gusto enhanced by recollections of his connection with the society; Rossini's brilliant overture

is, however, always interesting, since it discloses the source to which two very showy compositions of modern times undeniably owe their existence—the sparkling finale in Herold's overture to *Zampa*, and Gungl's "Warrior's-Joy March." The most arduous part of the vocal performances fell to the lot of Mlle. Parepa, who acquitted herself most satisfactorily in the *Larghetto* in B flat, from "Faust;" the remaining vocalists were Signor Belletti and Miss Lascelles, the latter in the scena from "La Clemenza" being supported by the *Corno de bassetto* obligato of Mr. Joseph Williams. The voices of the three vocalists were admirably blended in the *Terzetto* from Mozart's "Cosi fan Tutte."

All those who are friends not simply to the Society in particular (though even on that ground the suggestions would not be misplaced), but to the art in itself, will be glad to hear that it is in contemplation to hold a special performance in the year 1862, on a large scale, in commemoration of its being the FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the Society. This concert, which will be complementary to the usual eight performances, will be held in some locality adapted to the occasion, and will comprise some of the colossal works written expressly for the Philharmonic Society by Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other great composers.

#### BEETHOVEN RECITALS.

The attendance of the public at the second of these performances at St. James's Hall on Friday last was much fuller than on the previous occasion, a fact we were pleased to observe, as not only gratifying to the performer, but creditable to the musical taste of those who constituted the audience. In our last week's number we stated our opinion generally upon the beneficial results likely to accrue from these performances; and we have now only to express our hearty wishes that the musical public may appreciate them as highly as ourselves.

Second Recital, Friday, May 24th, 1861.

PART I.		
Sonata in C minor, Op. 10, No. 1 . . . . .	Beethoven.	
Allegro molto con brio—C minor.		
Adagio molto—A flat major.		
Finale, Prestissimo—C minor.		
Song, "The Shepherd's Lay" . . . . .	Mendelssohn.	
Sonata in F major, Op. 10, No. 2 . . . . .	Beethoven.	
Allegro—F major.		
Allegretto—F minor.		
Trio—D flat major.		
Presto—F major.		
PART II.		
Sonata in D major, Op. 10, No. 3 . . . . .	Beethoven.	
Presto—D major.		
Largo e mesto—D minor.		
Minuetto Allegro—D major.		
Trio—G major.		
Rondo Allegro—D major.		
Song, "As o'er the Alps he ranges" . . . . .	Schubert.	
Sonata Pathétique, Op. 13 . . . . .	Beethoven.	
Introduzione, Grave—C minor.		
Allegro molto con brio—C minor.		
Adagio cantabile—A flat major.		
Rondo Allegro—C minor.		

We concluded our remarks of last week with a notice of the grand sonata in E flat, Op. 97, the trio of which, in the gloomy key of E flat minor, Herr Leuz, by a most extraordinary comparison, likens to "a child tormenting a May-bug, and not desisting until he has torn off its last leg!" Between this sonata, Op. 7, and the sonata in C minor, Op. 10, No. 1, Beethoven wrote the serenade in D major, Op. 8, for violin, tenor, and violoncello; and the first set of three trios for the same instruments in the keys of G major, D major, and C minor respectively, which together constitute Op. 9. The three sonatas which are comprised in Op. 10 were composed in the year 1799, when Beethoven was in the twenty-ninth year of his age, and dedicated to the Countess de Browne, the lady of the Russian ambassador at the Court of Vienna. The resemblance between the first sonata of this set, in C minor, and that of Mozart's in the same key, is very evident, especially in the Allegro. The beautiful Adagio in A flat, though reminding us of Mozart, is still pre-eminently Beethovenish; the last movement, perhaps, inferior to the two which precede it, though the theme of the second subject (commencing with three staccato quavers in the key of E flat, at the end of the seventeenth bar, after a semi-close in the dominant of C minor,) has an abruptness about it quite characteristic of Beethoven. The second sonata in F major may be briefly dismissed with call-

ing attention to the beautiful trio in D flat major. The third sonata of this set, in D major, is, in the language of the annotator, "the noblest, if not the most beautiful, of those produced within the period of which it may be said to constitute the climax," that in which Beethoven, "entirely ignoring preceding models, even those of his own creation, gives the rein to his Pegasus, and flies away far out of the reach of ordinary thinkers;" this, in short, is one of those mighty works in which Beethoven opened up a perfectly new world of ideas, by elevating the sonata to the dignity of an orchestral piece of music. The *Largo* in D minor in this sonata is, and probably ever will be, unapproached for beauty, passion, and impressive grandeur.

One grand trio in B flat major for piano, clarinet, and violoncello, Op. 11, and three sonatas, Op. 21, piano and violin, in the keys of D, A, E flat respectively, fill up the interval till we get to the Sonata Pathétique, Op. 13, a work with the beauties of which all pianoforte students are tolerably familiar.

Mr. Hallé is so thoroughly acquainted with the style and sentiment of these unique pianoforte compositions that we willingly accept his reading as the true one; but we must be allowed, with all due respect to so accomplished an artiste, to inquire whether the finale to the sonata in F major, Op. 10, should be performed at that exceedingly rapid pace at which it was delivered on Friday afternoon? If so, the movement will be a forbidden one to the generality of pianoforte players; as far as our own experience goes, it has always been played *presto*, not *prestissimo*.

Mr. Santley was the vocalist on this occasion, accompanied on the piano by Mr. Harold Thomas.

#### ROYAL OPERA, LYCEUM.

Mr. Mapleson comes so late into the field with his troupe, that we question whether he will be able to do much, even with the powerful attractions held out by the name of Tietjens and Giuglini. Had the new opera opened before the appearance of Mlle. Patti on the boards of Covent Garden, the case might have been slightly altered; but now, with all London running to see the rising star of eighteen summers, we cannot be very sanguine as to the financial success of the Lyceum Opera. At the same time, it is a great pity that so much talent should be unemployed, and we cannot wonder at the step that has been taken, though we fear a somewhat disastrous result. The *prime donne* include Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Gassier (who has lately reappeared amongst us after an absence of two years), Mme. Lemaire (who did double duty so courageously last winter season at Her Majesty's Theatre, as *Alice* on the "Robin Hood" nights, and *Azuena*, or some similar part, on the Italian nights), Mlle. Sedlatzek, and Mme. Albani, a host in herself. Among the tenors, we find Signors Bclart, Mercuriali, and Giuglini; it is hardly correct to speak of this as Signor Palmieri's first appearance in England, that is, if he be the Signor Palmieri whom we have heard more than once at the Crystal Palace. If we may speak of Signor Delle Sedie from a single hearing, which occurred at the fifth Philharmonic Concert, we should say that he would prove himself an actor and vocalist of the very highest quality; he is to make his *début* on the opening night in the "Trovatore," as the *Conte di Luna*. Mr. Patey, Signor Casaboni, Herr Hermans, and Signor Vialletti, make up the complement of barytones and bassi profondi.

The repertoire is announced as about to be selected from the "Trovatore," "La Sonnambula," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "La Traviata," "Don Giovanni," "Norma," "Marta," "Les Huguenots," and the "Ballo di Maschera." From this list we think we may safely eliminate Meyerbeer's grand opera, as also the "Sonnambula," "Lucia," and "La Traviata." It is not improbable that something might be done by bringing out Verdi's last work, "Il Ballo in Maschera;" but it should be brought out at once, as it is down in Mr. Gye's list for early representation; and it seems to us, who have heard it at the Théâtre des Italiens with a very good cast (Mmes. Penco, Battu, and Signors Mario and Graziani), to be of far too fragile a texture to endure being presented many times.

The subscription is for six or twelve representations, at the option of the subscriber; and the open-

ing night will be Saturday, June 8th, with the "Trovatore" to usher in the season.

We expressed some doubts last week as to the possibility of providing an efficient band; if we may believe the announcement that the members of the Philharmonic orchestra are engaged, there need be no alarm on the subject, as, thanks to Dr. Sterndale Bennett's training, they already constitute one of the most efficient bands in London. The leader of the orchestra is to be Mr. H. Blagrove, and Signor Arditi will again hold the post of musical director.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The displacement of "Fidelio," to make room for Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," is, perhaps, under the circumstances, not so unpardonable a crime in a manager naturally anxious to display his newly-discovered *prima donna* to the best advantage, and afford the public an early opportunity of confirming or correcting their previous impressions, formed from witnessing one or perhaps two representations of *Amina*, in the "Sonnambula." The success achieved by Mlle. Adelina Patti, as the heroine of Bellini's opera, has been abundantly confirmed by her subsequent successful impersonation of *Lucia*, a part not usually, we believe, undertaken by tragic actresses, though Mlle. Tietjens, and before her Jenny Lind, had proved exceptions to this rule. Mlle. Patti's greatest triumph was in the mad scene in the third act, where, by her consummate acting, she drew down thunders of applause from the whole house, which continued for some moments. The temptation to enjoy such a triumph as this is, with some fair artistes, irresistible. Who has not seen Mlle. Piccolomini, the moment after yielding up her last gasp in the most heart-rending way, suddenly appear before the curtain in answer to the applause of the audience, smirking in the most engaging manner in the world, and casting the most seductive *caillades* on all within her circle? Not so, however, Mlle. Patti; true to herself and her *role*, she stood rooted on the spot, in all the madness of woe, till, stung by her recollections, she runs off the stage, in the vain endeavour to stifle the remembrance of her wrongs. The cast of the opera, in other respects, was not very good. Signor Tiberini utterly fails to awaken our sympathies, whether impersonating *Edgardo* in "Lucia," or *Gennaro* in "Lucrezia Borgia."

In the last-mentioned opera, Mme. Grisi made her final appearance as the terrible *Lucrezia* on Tuesday evening. Mme. Nantier-Didiée, as *Maffeo Orsini*, was encored in the familiar

"Il segreto per esser felice  
So per prova, e l'insegno agli ameli."

The remaining performances this week have been the "Prophète" on Monday, and "Guillaume Tell" on Thursday; and this evening (Saturday), "La Sonnambula," for the third time. Next Monday all lovers of good music may expect a treat in the representation of "Il Barbiere de Seviglia." This will be Mario's first appearance this season, and Signor Ciampi will also perform for the first time at Covent Garden on this occasion, in the character of *Bartolo*.

#### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

After a prolonged stay amongst us of more than four months, M. Vieuxtemps has announced his intention of taking his departure; and he accordingly took his benefit and made his last appearance this season at these concerts on Monday evening last. We subjoin the programme presented on the occasion.

PART I.		
Posthumous Quartett in B flat, No. 13 . . . . .	Beethoven.	
Song, "Name the glad day, dear" . . . . .	Dusek.	
Song, "Dalla sua pace" . . . . .	Mozart.	
Capriccio for Violin . . . . .	Tantini.	
PART II.		
Märchen for Violin and Pianoforte . . . . .	Vieuxtemps.	
Song, "I raise from dreams of thee" . . . . .	H. Glover.	
Song, "Ah! why do we love?" . . . . .	Macfarren.	
Trio in D minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello . . . . .	Mendelssohn.	

The Quartett in B flat, one of the so-called "posthumous" quartetts (though the term can hardly be considered to be correctly applied to compositions placed in the hands of the publishers during the composer's lifetime), was produced for the first time at these concerts on Monday last; in the "Thematisches Verzeichniss," published by Breitkopf and Härtel, it is numbered as Op. 130, but in the last



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edition of Anton Schindler's "Biographie von Ludwig van Beethoven" its position in the list is shown to be Op. 131. The production of this work by M. Vieuxtemps was highly appropriate, as no one has done more to raise the character of these entertainments, and to interpret the beauties of Beethoven's stringed music to the masses, than M. Vieuxtemps. Besides performing in the Trio, M. Vieuxtemps executed the well-known Devil's Sonata of Tantiini in G minor, and introduced a slight piece of his own composition, one of a set of three recently published. The vocal music, with the exception, perhaps, of Howard Glover's song, was quite familiar to the frequenters of these concerts, having been sung there over and over again; but with such a tenor as Mr. Sims Reeves, the audience never seems to weary of them. Miss Banks, Miss Arabella Goddard, and Signor Piatti contributed their services, and the hall was filled to overflowing.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

The first performance of the Musical Art Union took place yesterday evening, of which we hope to give a more detailed account in our next. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed the same evening at Exeter Hall, by the Sacred Harmonic Society. In addition to these, various benefit concerts have taken place, the principal of which are that of Ole Bull, at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday; M. Sain-ton's third "Matinée Musicale," on Wednesday; and Mme. Rieder's Concert at the Hanover Square Rooms.

Mr. Francesco Berger's first grand Evening Concert was held at St. James's Hall, and consisted of three parts: the first being a selection from "Don Giovanni," with the principal parts sung by Mlle. Parepa, Mme. Louisa Vinning, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Signor Ciampi; the second consisting wholly of Mr. Francesco Berger's compositions, vocal and instrumental; the third part wholly miscellaneous.

At the Operatic Concert at the Crystal Palace last Friday afternoon, an unusual degree of interest was caused by the association of Mlle. Tietjens and Grisi in a duet from "Le Nozze di Figaro."

#### PRINCESS'S.

A new comedy, in two acts, entitled "Truth and Fiction," has been brought out at the Princess's Theatre. It is the production of Messrs. T. J. Williams and A. Harris, and is rather inspired by recollections of, than adapted from "Les Princesses de la Rampe." We are sorry, however, that we can scarcely look upon this piece as a success; and although the curtain, on the first night, dropped amid loud applause, and the recall of the actors—almost inevitable at the close of a first performance—was accorded with tolerable enthusiasm, subsequent manifestations have been considerably less warm. Our daily contemporaries have attributed the lack of success to the imputations which are by implication cast upon the profession of an actor; but this surmise is remote and improbable. The plot is inartistic and untruthful in that highest of truths, truth to nature. We think that one great fault of modern dramatic compositions is that an attempt, necessarily futile, is continually made to keep up the dignity of comedy by means the only legitimate sphere of which is in farce. *Margaret Seymour* (Miss Carlotta Leclercq) is an actress of talent and reputation, who has adopted that profession as a last resource, in order to provide for the education of a younger sister, *Rose*, whom she has left under the charge of an aunt, keeping her in ignorance of the means by which she is supported. A young gentleman, named *Arthur*, the son of Mr. Brown (Mr. Frank Matthews), a respectable but prejudiced tradesman, retired from business on a very easy competency, asks her hand, his father acquiescing in his proposals. This occurs at the moment when *Margaret* is on a visit to her sister, and she takes a little time to consider of the proposals. In the subsequent progress of the plot, the profession of *Margaret* acts as a barrier to this union; but the contemplation of her chivalric devotion to her sister, and her eager self-denial, achieve a complete conquest over the heart of the not very inexorable Mr. Brown, and his consent is at length given to the desired marriage. This, which is the groundwork of the plot, is simple enough, if the

idea offers little novelty; but the accessories are by no means equally simple. While *Margaret* is at the cottage of her sister, the company with whom she acts comes on a picnic excursion to an inn joining the grounds; and while the sisters are away, the Thespian troop, with tolerable hardihood, trespasses into the garden. *Margaret* comes home and is recognized, but baffles all except her lynx-eyed friend, the prompter, *Robert Feedom* (Mr. H. Widdicomb), by assuming a stage provincial patois, and denying her identity. Then, in the second act, not only is Mr. Arthur, the bridegroom elect, behind the scenes of the theatre, on the easiest possible terms of familiarity, but his father, the retired tradesman, has no difficulty in getting there on the slightest pretext, and for the most absurd of all reasons; nothing more improbable than this can be conceived; in fact, the idea of a man with his views as to the stage ever dreaming of going behind the scenes on any pretext, least of all to purchase a house, which is his motive for so doing in the present instance, is totally inadmissible. Then, *Rose*, the sister of *Margaret*, finds her way there in a similar unaccountable manner, and in the indulgence of a similarly unaccountable freak. An episode, too, concerning a certain Miss *Angelina Mordant*, also an actress and an ancient flame of *Arthur's*, with her allusions to the retired button-maker, who is now filling his place in her affections, is unworthy and undesirable. We think, then, that this piece can hope for nothing more than the mediocre success of a few nights' run, with small approval and a narrow escape of condemnation. Mr. Matthews and Miss Leclercq acted well; and Mr. Widdicomb, as *Feedom*, the prompter, had the most meritorious and grateful part assigned him of any in the piece, and discharged it with conscientious ability.

On alternate evenings with Mr. Fechter's performance of "Hamlet," Mr. Phelps is acting in "King Lear." The public has thus an opportunity of witnessing and comparing two performances, each admirable in its way, of the masterpieces of England's great poet; and we are not surprised that the zeal of the partisans of both these great tragedians reaches its utmost point in consequence of the rivalry which these arrangements necessarily suggest.

#### ST. JAMES'S.

During the present week there has been a complete change in the performance at the St. James's Theatre, M. Geoffroy having brought upon the stage no less than five novelties. These consist of the "petite comédie mêlée de chants," "J'ai compromis ma Femme," by MM. Labiche and Delacour; Scribe's comedy in one act, "Geneviève; ou, la Jalouse Paternelle;" and "Le Tigre du Bengale," vaudeville in one act, by MM. Brisebarre and Marc Michel, an adaptation of which was produced in London during the past season; "Les Trembleurs, ou le Printemps qui s'avance: Comédie nouvelle, mêlée des couplets, de MM. Dumanoir et Clairville;" and "Le Feu au Couvent: Comédie en un acte, de M. Barrière." Of these the first piece has proved the most successful and amusing, as it is decidedly the most meritorious. The plot hinges on the everlasting subject of French romance and drama, the necessity a Frenchman feels himself under of making love to some one else's wife. In this case, *M. Verdinet* (M. Geoffroy), in order to advance his interests with a lady by appealing to her sympathies, as well as to disarm the suspicions of the husband by awakening his pity and contempt, chooses to represent himself as the victim of a perfidy on the part of his own wife—giving even the name of the destroyer of his peace. A series of absurdly humorous situations, which arise from a chance encounter of all the parties concerned, with the addition of a young gallant bearing the identical name as the imaginary one given by *M. Verdinet* to the pretended seducer of his wife, give rise to the title of the piece, and to some very amusing complications. The acting of M. Geoffroy and Mlle. A. Théric in this piece is very good. M. Geoffroy is, in fact, gifted with considerable versatility of talent, and bears the weight of the responsibilities of the company. The parts, down to the minor ones, are, however, well played.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

A translation of the very remarkable drama by MM. Th. Barrière and Ed. Plouvier, entitled "L'Ange de Minuit," and performed at the Ambigu-Comique, has been produced at the Grecian Theatre under the title of "The Angel of Death." Our readers will remember that in a recent number of this journal we entered into a full analysis of this very peculiar but powerful drama.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews return to the Haymarket Theatre on Monday next, on which occasion they will appear in the comedy of "The Overland Route" and the "Adventures of a Love Letter." This latter piece we suppose to be the same as the "Adventures of a Billet-doux," performed at Drury Lane, or the "Scrap of Paper," performed at the St. James's, both pieces being translations of the well-known French comedy, "Les Pattes de Mouches."

A new Cantata, "The Old Woman of Berkeley," is to be produced by Mr. Howard Glover at his ensuing concert at St. James's Hall, Wednesday, June 5th.

Mr. Horsley is determined this time that his Oratorio, "Gideon," shall have every advantage that it is in the power of art to bestow upon it: the band and chorus will consist of members of the orchestra of the Musical Society of London, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon; whilst Mr. Henry Smart is to preside at the organ. The performance is announced for Wednesday evening, June 12th.

#### MISCELLANEA.

The large masses of rhododendrons, azaleas, and other American plants on each side of the Grand Promenade at Kew Gardens, and those on the slopes and mounds of the Fairies' Glen or Hollow-way, in the Royal Pleasure Grounds near the Thames, are progressing towards their prime. The chestnut, lilac, laburnum, and hawthorn trees are now in their greatest perfection. The blue-bells, or wild hyacinths, in the woods of the new Arboretum, are also in full flower.

On Saturday evening last the Association for the Promotion of Social Science held a conversazione at the South Kensington Museum. The Ford Collection, the picture galleries, and the Educational Museum were thrown open, and a large number of members and guests of the Association found amusement in them. Lord Brougham, the founder and head of the Society, was present.

On Friday evening next, Anthony Trollope, Esq., will deliver a lecture on "Our National Gallery," before the Post Office Library and Literary Institution.

We understand that Mr. Sutherland Edwards's *Russians at Home* has already reached a second edition.

At the meeting of the Society of Arts on Wednesday evening next, Mr. William Hawes is to read a paper on the International Exhibition of 1862; the Prince Consort, who is President of the Society, will preside on the occasion.

Mr. Wyld, of Charing Cross, has just published a map of the United States, that is to say, both of the Northern and the Confederate States. All the fortifications, arsenals, and military stations are clearly laid down; and besides this and the ordinary information, there are plans of Charleston and its harbour; of Pensacola Bay; and of the city of Washington and District of Columbia. Its appearance at the present time is very opportune.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will publish next week a new novel, entitled, *Homeless; or, A Poet's Inner Life*, by M. Goldschmidt, author of *Jacob Bendixen*. On Tuesday next the same firm will issue Miss Freer's new work, *Henry IV. and Marie de Medicis*, forming part 2 of *The History of the Reign of Henry IV. of France*.

On Wednesday last, the second annual general meeting of the subscribers of the Art Union of England was held at the Gallery of Illustration, in Regent Street. The report of the committee was received, and the customary distribution of prizes took place.

We must remind our readers of the great fête to be held on Wednesday next, on the occasion of the

opening of the New Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, at South Kensington. We understand that, at the opening, a portion of the ground in the gardens will be kept by the 1st Middlesex Engineer Volunteers, under the command of Lieut.-Col. McLeod of McLeod; the band of this corps is also to be in attendance. The Prince Consort and some of the younger members of the Royal Family will probably be present at the ceremonial.

On Saturday, the 25th May, the annual general meeting of the members of the London Library was held, the Right Hon. Earl Stanhope, Vice-President, being in the chair. Among the members present were Lord Lyttelton, Lord Trimleston, Sir J. P. Boileau, Bart., Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., Mr. North, M.P., Rev. J. Barlow, Professor Key, Dr. Alderson, Dr. Webster, Mr. Durrant Cooper, Mr. Thomas Wright, Mr. Wilberforce, etc. The report, having been read by the Secretary, was adopted. It stated that the total number of members was 846, and that by a comparison of the additions and losses during the year, the Library was in a pecuniary sense the gainer by £316.10s. In consequence of the increased value of the Library, the insurance had been raised to £10,000. The expenditure in books had been £417.8s. 11d., and 1,330 volumes and 71 pamphlets had been added to the Library. Among the donors of books were H.R.H. the Prince Consort, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Botfield, M.P., Mr. Walter Stirling, Dr. Travers Twiss, Mr. B. B. Woodward, and several of the learned Societies. The Bishop of St. David's, Mr. Beriah Botfield, M.P., Dr. Hawtrey, and Mr. Goldwin Smith, were elected members of the Committee of Management, in the room of General Fox, Mr. Spedding, Mr. Stevens, and Mr. Venables, who retire. The Right Hon. Sir G. C. Lewis, Bart., and Mr. Arthur Helps were re-elected. Certain changes in the Rules, which refer to the notice given of Special and Annual Meetings of the Members, were proposed by Sir John Boileau, seconded by Lord Lyttelton, and passed, after some discussion, in which Lord Trimleston, Rev. J. Davis, and Mr. Durrant Cooper took part. Further changes were proposed by Mr. C. M. Kennedy, but were not adopted by the meeting. A member having asked a question with reference to the completion of a classified catalogue of the books, the noble chairman made some very judicious re-

marks on the subject, and pointed out the difficulty of classifying a catalogue with sufficient precision to make it really useful to students. He thought that an index of subjects would prove useful to many persons. In seconding a vote of thanks to the chairman, Mr. Monckton Milnes replied to the observations of a member, who wished to see the Library made more popular, by saying that it would be wiser to adhere to the original design of the Library, and direct every effort towards making it the best Literary Library in London.

Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson offer for sale, on Monday next and following days, a library of more than ordinary interest and value, consisting of works collected by Archbishop Tenison during the reigns of Kings Charles II., James II., William III., and Queen Anne. Among many volumes, the rarity and value of which collectors will not be slow to appreciate, the following deserve especial notice:—Many scarce and curious editions of the Scriptures, both in the original and in modern languages, including two copies, both slightly imperfect, of Miles Coverdale's New Testament, the second edition, 1538; an almost unique copy of the *Libri duo Samuelis et Libri duo Regum in Lingua Slavonica*, Prague, 1518; *Sacra Scriptura Veteris Norvegia Omnia Græcè*; the rare Aldine edition, 1518, with the autograph of John a Lasco, the Polish Reformer. There is also a quarto liturgy, "*Le Livre des Prières Communes*, &c.: de l'imprimerie de Thomas Gaultier, 1553," no copy being known hitherto to have been offered for sale; Captain Smith's *Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles*, 1632; a large-paper copy of Elias Ashmole's *Institution, Laws, and Ceremonies of the Most Noble Order of the Garter*; a very magnificent "*Missale ad Consuetudinem Ecclesie Sarum*: impressum Parhisi per Bertholdum Rembolt, 1513;" another Missal, also rare, date 1519; a version of the New Testament in Welsh, 1653, unknown to bibliographers; Fisher's "*Treatise concerninge the fruytfull saynges of Danyel the Kyng and I Prophete in the seven penytencyall Psalmis*: enprynted at London in the flete-streite at the sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde. In the yere of our lorde mcccxcviii the xvi day of the moneth of Juyn, &c.," 1st edition, very scarce and valuable. There are several other works from the press of this celebrated printer, including

Higden's *Polichronicon*, 1495, and *The Golden Legend*, 1527. There are also in the catalogue the original edition of Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, 1656, and Purchas's *Pilgrim*, 5 vols., 1625-6. We observe that during the season the same firm will offer for sale the collection of curious manuscripts formed by the Archbishop.

On Monday last, the Royal Geographical Society held their anniversary meeting; Sir R. I. Murchison in the chair, the President of the Society (Lord Ashburton) being unavoidably absent. In the evening of the same day, the members met to dine together at the Freemasons' Tavern. The most notable event in the evening was the proposal of M. Du Chaillu's health by Professor Owen, which was supposed to be a sort of demonstration against Mr. Gray, whose attacks have excited so much attention.

We are informed, upon reliable authority, that the pension given to the impostor, Close, is to be withdrawn. We hope it will be long before such a disgraceful episode as this of King Pepple's laureate occurs again in the annals of English literature. At the same time, we are somewhat at a loss to understand on what pretext the Premier refuses to continue the pension so rashly given. However, it is enough to know that, at the cost of whatever humiliation, the right course has been taken.

Amongst the works announced by Mr. Manwaring are:—*Awas-i-Hind; or, A Voice from the Ganges; being a Solution of the True Source of Christianity*, by an Indian Officer; *Obscure Texts of Scripture*, by Miss Mary C. Hume; and it is rumoured that Mr. Morley's communication to the *Times* on the causes of the American Civil War will be issued as a pamphlet by the same publisher.

On Thursday evening last, Mr. Hepworth Dixon read a paper before the Society of Antiquaries, in which he repeated the arguments already before the public in his volume on the subject, in favour of Lord Bacon's innocence of the charge of bribery. The paper, although occupying an hour in reading, was listened to with marked attention; and, on the whole, Mr. Dixon seemed to carry the audience along with him. Mr. Octavius Morgan, M.P., presided. At the conclusion of the meeting, the Director announced that on Thursday next there would be an exhibition of ancient MSS., and Mr. Holmes would read a paper on "The Art of Illuminating."

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